



SPEAKING OF THE ARTIST

“Wow! This is great.”

Boots Riley

“An immensely talented writer.”

Lewis Buddy Nordan

“Fucker’s lit.”

Dav Crabes

“Really brilliant. Modern life isolation in many forms. The struggle to find something human in the inhuman landscape of the information age,”

Eric Maskol

“I just finished reading your book -- a 3rd time -- & I thought it brilliant. The word-play, twisting themes & various craziness all blended together quite well. great fun,”

Geo Trefology Raymond



The Font
in The
Forever
Channel

OUT OF PRINT by Chris Feroz

INFAMOUS

MORAL JUDGEMENT SUNSETS

INSATIABLE MEMORY ALMANAC

LUNAR FORTH

THE RUTH FORTH

THE GARDEN FORTH

cfMC
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CFMC FEROX CFMCEROZ PRESENT

THE FONT IN THE FOREVER CHANNEL

FIRST APPROVED EDITION, revised

a cfmceroz book

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for the estate of cfMC FEROX

Cover: cfMC FEROX's

Oh Well In The Font In The Forever Channel (2020)

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA USA

Feroz, Chris 1973-

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*For you,
& to
the departed:
poems written
in the margins*

Ferocious and bloody as was the massacre, it was only the beginning. As the news of it went blazing and coruscating along the wires by which intelligence was then conveyed across the country, city after city caught the contagion.

Ambrose Bierce

You will not understand." The page was lined with symbols like small dead spiders; one brief equation stood pencil-circled.

Robinson Jeffers

AT LONG LAST

"Come to my table in the tower, if only so an hour,"

the wind that will bear you away from us

already grows.

An irresponsibly incomprehensible poem

for those who will never read it.

The flowers of the font in this forth

transcend so hard.

Inscribed:

**"The CORRECTED WORKS
of Our Collected FORTHS"**

**Babbling bloodstream ghosts below
all have their say:**

only life is attitudinal upon these waves.

*Can do. Better
believe. Spell tips.*

Gardens in & out of time.

Soul voice planchette. Amplified ouijasignal.
Omnidirectional, loud complaints
with poorly considered implications.

Not really there, not really here,
these words words words, love.

Which casts her
GAMMA TRANSITS

says, "**Moonface,
moon mouth,
did we make it
to the moon
already?**"

Won of the towers dedication.
A wind come crawling our deepest ash in tomb.

KNOWN EXTANT
ALL THE SHORTEST WORDS.
"OF THE TOWER." Unnatural salons. Castle tour
of the cross roading boarder,

Already moving everywhere. There & back in simultaneity of
light. Little amp. Rotating backward, we're rotating back words!

THE SHADOW OF THE CORPSE.

They're now. There & their now. Being, becoming, won't
belong, what's this long becoming? A different past. Magic
relief.

Who can hear us be so quiet?

Now I will speak of they beloved dead in annual
remembrance & loving eulogy while still live on this page.
Sprout, seedlings, grow, my leaves,
our love in time I love you,

Come to me in pieces, fragments, remnants, stardust out
of the strata, sounds of poetry, lyricisms; accompaniment from
the canopy, caves & coves & underbrush, parsing these great
waves of elimination,

Gaze upon my ball of sphere-ed crystal as it glow.

Still, advance,
to cliff, sea,
& palm of mine.

The cloud jugular.

Fossil grace follows out.
Follows out in,
to the fountain,
to maze gorgeous deep.

Deserted

schlepuchullar repose,
offaknees,
luftoff so ever slowly,
of highest embered crevasse,
out all pits & backup, sissy,
me lowvliess,

Let's take as took,
a last, a look,
in our another's eye out.
Wenncea rounda corner,

Grains of trains, haunted by the ghost of ever tree
that every grew. See them stanned & their falling.

Unfilled salted ocean empty below, fighting, rising, rifted,
impacted, scrolled narrow-wise beneath, metal above. Emptied
sea flickering blind, not turned round again to thee.

If ey'er stell all I've I'd ask umm.
Instead'll ask who,
God book years,
rid of our omen-ous dreams,

No presence.

Floated away on all our sacred ballads.

Weightless writs, fallen into the lean well. "Visible here,"

said the year. Burnt to atoms. *A gravitationally impeded
explosion maintains vision out the void.*

The Countenance Kid, Small Talker at Mateologue Cafe,
"SO little,

for me, small talk is a BIG deal."
the grave,
well,
but had her house of joy.

Swell you make a mourn.

Smoldered down to boggy mounds.

When she was just a child of her instruments. Morning!

Hear, here, leak it in my tin ear,
I'll put your eye out, kid.

Ddja ever get beat with a heavy book,
like the yellow pages or family bible?

"A bad news good one,"

RARE BIRDS, The Full Volume.

Make room make way,
done being all I've,

Your,

golden calf, missing union, dead in the stream,

an apostrophe to a paraphrase

for the long-lost, disused saying,

"An apostrophe to,"

meaning,

an "inconsequential poem,"

a sub-text, a note,

"an apostrophe to love,"

"AN APOSTROPHE TO GLORY,"

"AN APOSTROPHE TO BEING SILENT,"

"AN APOSTROPHE TO THE KOO KOO,"

OUR METAPHYSICAL RELATION TO THE POSSESSIVE,

"FRAGMENT OF THE LARGER"

—an indication of missing parts, contractions,

'Here is a thing missing from the whole,'

Reducer Ray,

“The thing we burned to keep this fire lit, here,
in the deep cave,
in the meat locker.”

Belted tight enough to retard elastic pain. Retail murder
slave. Map of the true statues. Dead stop grave chamber
manor. The Rat Gate. Rewindable helix, dragged down toward
the tunnel.

Laughing freako pals.
Atomihawk from the great western places,
the best ones, I judge,
throw it in the shitter
& set it on fire. Volcanic,
did you see that one
in the theater or at the drive-in?
From the seat or the chair, the couch or the bed,

The Mystery of the Marvelous Realist.

For Ignorance As Bliss:

Don't Read This!

Use 2 b a human people
now just a Thing of the dirt,
a One Dollar Jesus.

Horizon of Vessels.

At the back of the mind on the beach
below the cliff castle tower eyes.

Schools of jumbo flying dinorapto channel cuttlefish of
increasing size & toxicity in austerest redistribution. Lunar ticks
in the hard pack.

Lunatic, dear friend, blownbent right outta the ground,
saplings smell the air & hibernate deeply in every other
direction, sensing the scent that sent: “You die, we all do.”

Melt loose the flesh, blow it right off your bones, scatter
those too, no fossil, you. Your vaulted coffin? Chances are:

The big pit.

Annex Asylum Appendix Asyle Isle.
Guard zilencio. Desert I'll

Lost it all. Some paradise. Put it all on me. Put it in my ear, Son.
The best of you's only allowing the rest of you.

Dark expanse so far away. my darkest expansion.
Nightowl banked hope clutches between us.
Boney Omen of Haggard Comfort Springs.
Nameless rank, who seek in art the art of peace.

These wells you've poisoned with spirited writing.
Lighthouse transformations.

Cliff topping, magmataeix, deepiron age
impactor. **Enclosed air. Dropping all over.**
Seneca God Rocks. & ice droppage & time &
re-melts & weights below to the ends of the
ice age. Shaftholes to the mud age. To the
mines.

Ash-Tek rejection themes
of the children of the Laocoön.

Was here, then,
the sea rose.

Gone.

Going, going, closed his book.
Things considered, not writ down
The mic whistler. The birds' man. The silent listener.
Don't you know me?

I am your:
Lost, weak, lost weeks,
book of books rent open from the center.
Tryna freeze solid-still, tea-kettle,
vaporized unseen,
notes off of the mountaintop.

Small hearted hearth & song dealer,
in temporal prints,
forgiven perspective,
unremit treasuretrove,
calendar, calendar, turn.

WAVING

I'm waving,
giant tower leanering,
"Hello, goodbye,"
leaner-ringing,
already airwaves invincible in eternity, here, there,
empire, detritus, time,
translators, pray-ers, litanists, carolists,
the purposeful, clearvoiced,
undivested best of

THE TOWER's

Bio-real tables encrypted, enclosed,
earthencrusted palimpsest leaf, tabulae in colors, hid in
the crypt so long no one can decipher which witch (chooser-
decider) traded love for a dagger,
"& good to you this day, laddies & gentlepersons,"

STACKS OF BOOKS

to angels tongues
blind deaf dumbs PYREREMORDIAL ruins run beyond these
quakes' threering circusbinder tribulations, tabulations,
mutenheighted chimney smokestackash towerrocketsoff-ofs, &
_ 'MUUTUUNMEUTONES in stillstanding ashbreaths.
So journey. To the. To,

THE FIRE

AT THE CARNIVAL BENEATH THE TOWER,

unsewn falseflaggburned heatwaves
spiraling inside the walls,
vanlivers hissin tentcity.

Me rescued miscued star-trapt chuldrans,
scary gigs in shanty frownes, OK Churldrin,

QOHELETH

assemblers, collectors, ecclesiators,
synchronic synchronicity syncreator synchronizer synthesizers,
the Humming Bards' quirky vintage vantage,

quiet quintage
to move in moments
of citybus respirations,
urbane stealth cloaked,

"Worse my vision gets, more ghosts I see, peripherally,"
prophetizing,

demonstrating commentary through time on contemporary
matters of which, to keep, they speak,
come back to official artifice

of the occassional salon sashay,

"Don't play out much, seen it singin up spells, don't want
to hurt people, weird, did that work? Thought I said it wrong for
sure."

"SMILE." [eclipsed]

Rolls yr eyes into focus, me budlys, stlime fiury the _

(ANATAMO CHIKAI³ MASUKA

あなたも [地階, 誓い, 近い] ますか),

ASTYANNA's Rosetta Koan,

YOU TOO, Thang, Thank _, Thang _ Jesus,
the NEAR CLOSE OATH BASEMENT,
the [swear](#), the [pledge](#),
here now together at hand,
relarelatedly,
not far from similar good terms,
[Be] polite, present,
[don't be] despotic with your [VERB]:

ABARBARA CADAVARA

to every Forth where, there,
who can chant & sing & say,
whisper & scream most intentionally
all scribbly
thankspeak
of the West:

far-sought Queen of the East:

DEDICATION. ONE, OF THE TOWERS,

seen, in mine, press of sail, in minds:

most words mean nothing
like what the speaker thought,
intentionally or not:

jealous since eternity
of the incomprehensible enormity
of suffering

in every breath of life,
untold passion, bless each blink—
alchemically rare anthropocene practice,
angelic magic, curing reaction, run!

A way,
transform these pains, convert our hate,
fuse new forgiveness, pleased so, we radiate,
you, true love.

FORGIVEN

our

**WAVES FIRST,
BECOMING SOLID,
THEN GONE.**

*Everadvent calendar,
every day full of starlight
glittervisions upon windowpanes,
sky-shown float-world fanscestry.*

Pillars at the crack in the desert
at the entrance to the valley
on the way to the mountain
above the sea & castle TWR,
cup to cape to trumpet to canon.

Adorations to portals to the past.
The last, loneliest pigeon. A single quail.
The Shadowash People. The Ash-Teks.

**Gone in the light that blew us so gently
down in piles of flowers**

to damp-backt, sky-splasht roundstone,
roman road stream cobbled earth,
trees bent in fans to cool us
from your dust.

the Tradgerdie of _____... ,
the Chambers of the Golden Grate
the Dragon Great, the Goldenate, the
Dark Whistler. Discreet service,
For all us down The Well.
OH WELL, OH WHALE, THE WELL!
Mobled palm colored from a distance.
Washed wheeling on 1st lit light end space,
Vast, pristine, evolved: farviews.

Floated away on all our secret ballots.

Astyanna's Prophecy

**Who wrote out every question
& wrote in every hour,
& over every all our**

Towering ancient scriptures, forgotten gospels, &
celebrated ledgers retold in modern molecule-composed
deeptime-past: it wasn't that long ago, but for all we know's still
spinning wildly, casting & pounding, mightier in time. Without
news of goremangled underbrush (O hider, O stealer!).
Increasingly shipwrecked by whales.

Temptation-stalked mass consciousness, frontier bound
between the foundry & the sky, all left off page, still a wild west
of hanging judges & doctors leaving town. Settin' 'em up &
knockin' 'em down, killin' character. Papers filed in a box.

Fogborn nightscents of popcorn & spooky-elvis hound-dogs,
playland ghosts stood in whitecity windblown flames of
gathered threatnotes, kept once for later use as kindling, in the
aether, together, forever.

Unspokenfor lost, a hard place to die in.

Thrown from the highest wall, soared on, from the well to
the waste to the maze up the mountain to the fire at the carny
vale in the castle garden, we watch it burn from this tower
precipice, & summon your spirits. Smell the fires, hear the
screams,

Crystal ball atop the bookshelf appears too dense for
prediction. Based upon a weaved array of fossils. Look again:
now a lightless void in 3 dimensions hovers above the bonepile,
impresses a fantastically increasing & simultaneously
unidirectional gyre of anti-rotations,

Somehow at first you don't see it,
but next you feel the wave, & believe,

Events on these horizons beckon. Something's comin, is it
you? The only observer to the rayburst & void boundary
snapback to the settling sphere after is here, wherever you are.

Man I was

*born in a candied witchhaus dinnercage by a coalfired
oven in moonless dark shadow of mad ludwigs neuschwanstein
blackforest. found inedible at the brochenspectre walpurgis,
cast so down appalachian gorges, washed way in tributaried
turn & flow 2 this lost seashore*

THE PLAGUE SHIPS DREAM

Knows Fear Ate You.

Every catshair stood. Legion's dutchmen in flight,
encircled of yr might. Multiple minced corpses dense, every
shotsunk barrel. Rolling, bouncing, bountfur deeper trenches

down, rains in heavy water, these waves reach on.

A certain theme was inserted into everything he played: **chained to the ash helm we wore**, what wit incanted flow of intensely fetishized words ("wishful insulation of language from action"), Pola ris'd upon the narrow common frontier of two immeasurable stretches.

LETTING GO / OF JOANIE ANGEL

Delivery notice. There too? & one day with you. & everyone else'oo chooses love to make room for more till're too wornout & finish, limitless finity, equal degrees, skilled in philosophy, found to be,

bonbon garçon, artage of the measured society,
suspecters' findings investigated: civilized genocide.

Hardly on, the mysterious New Man, no one dare imagine how it will be, gaslighters, "Hey, y.o.u. (*Young Ostentatious Uncomplexers*) two! I believe two is the required number. We must have this out. Who has info & who doesn't."

alacrastic ala christitty. Repulsed by the hopelessness of remedying excessive organic ills. Powdered cameras in treasured tenancy with factors, systems, & cultural deviation of bombastic characters.

Unexpected encroachments change this focus of expression in ways indefinite when decontextualized, disarmed, disconnected of (*Luny*) loftybuilding light,

cadaverous nonchalance, humbling awareness of historic minuteness, hung on a clothesline, delivered into a time of split atoms & informative fusion,

Reeferefugee capitalwar survivors,

racist insistent mountebank cognomen (every one's

multiple names: Witches Two-say Jimmy, A'al'Katraaz),
Little rocks, way out theatrical lighting, fully over allayed to fate,
abdication of all what-will what-if matterized motivations,

darn of the deed, noumenon,

the very site of our Stroller Odysseestormstrolls,

Errnormanously nomenous, numenous Ontology of change in retentive memorelody, calendar hymnal, directional times' godstitution, anticipation of protention, methodological suffering experienced alive,

LUNAMOTH WAKE.

Nukeplant suffering & service at the diner, dear Lunamoth,
Stepping Coywoof, hard-floppy cloud-born disaster, all you
dearest departed, time's up, as these children's future selves,
empyronic, syncretorial birth & death, dust & bones, texts in a
small coffin milk crate, phantasms too, haunted bums. I know
the difference it makes,

Send all the poltergeists.

PRAYERBROOK'd proteo-icipant-forman-cist
theatric ritual rite setting

Poems written in the margins of great works.

O Sumptuous Quatorzainian Prosepoetastery Catastrophe,
Final post-visitation warning: survived the long night of
apparitions, resolute in transformation— nonetheless, writhing
out of bed, stocking-strangled Laocoön,

Returns on BOOGEYWORLD.

The World Is Tilting Unpredictably.

A densification across all spectrum of existence
manifests itself in invisibility of observance
last breath efforts
& next thing you know

kid's already going to throw her own GD birthday party if
you wont do it, make invitations with obscure RSVP details &
the Rec Center will have no idea what you're talking about &
other parents who don't speak well enough to communicate
their dismay & alarm instead hover peripherally, doubtless
considering & weighing implications of waiting a while longer,
formulating scenarios of rapid egress should this prove more of
a bad situation than it already appears,

Origins: Farout & Faraway

Another Encounter.

yet unknown to us in the landscape,
We have witnessed many solar eclipses.

A star that seemed brighter & brighter in the sky
until it filled all heaven,

Towards an universal ORGANON, w/ Apostrophes to

Forgiveness, dull time's still-standing treasure, smooth passages
of first folio expedition miners of

The Earth & Everything On It

form a manner of singular environment
(entertainment containment) in the void,
an atomic collection of discrete endurance, apparent,
observed anthropically, at imagined distances of scale,
a ratio of elements in spectrums + attendant
near-infinite catalog of possible recombinants,
simultaneously separate & whole.

IRRADIATED. On fire, constant fire of the sun, relationally
positioned. Life a kind of burning to ash, The Slow Burn.

Gravitationally impeded explosion
sustains all vision out the void.

EARTH HOMO SAPIENS SAPIENS CONCURRENT EMERGENT EXTINCTION EVENT

Prerequisite entropic heat death manifests
in emergent intermediate bio-environmental complexity
consubstantial to the hypercomplex waveboil
of our Local Interstellar Bubble's progenitor supernovae.

Solid Surface Event Horizon Collisions Glown,
every molecule expanding exponentially,
all this new infinity inside
any translation of reason.

The Head on the Horizon, the dawn of this demon.
Miraculous trajectories. Tauridic renovations, "Came out of the
blue sky Noon, son, saw it coming a long way off,"

EXTERIOR – STONE AGE CALIFORNIA.

The journeyers gathered: creatures telling ghost stories.
So-quilted yarn cycle, removed recalled reset recast, sculpt

these maladographies,

Utter accents of fame-rumoured, torn-weedy, tare-targeted shields. Barbaro-titanedenic herpetetic harpies of avaricious cupidity. Meteorologic iron overthrows bronze Zeuses, strikes whilst hot: fallen, tortured, sleepless, deprived. Second Sleepers, watchful fire emberers. Another impact work iron hawker ear wind pounds over horizons atremble as we race turning, turning, mise en scène. Math dialect awareness' unlearned superpower retains various practical knowledge of arcane bygone preinternet human practice that sank to "Irony," as when a meteor used 2 destroy the village, "Damnt Irony Space Rock killt the peasants, much like our new swords," sunkshipped etymology. Confession, conception, confirmation, vacillation, repentance, & died upon the first cold. Unbridled joy & hilarity of our Lucky Trunk's complete notes, Volume 1, wherein this "Fragment" we find our fallen constitutional ruins, scattered tenant perceptions,

Grandpa-king's hidden tomb found, panic-room-roofed, premature burial sped to fruition: beaten dead with a little body, the small dead boy an answer,

Speech, fire, the conquest of animals & plants, family, community, tools & science, education writing & print. Lists.

A sea rise origin tale that no one will remember.

A War of Poetry & Fact.

Orations to ensalve the poor for the preservation of the Republic. Severed heads, hands, & tongues nailed up on display as proscription's reward.

Clear epiphany of the whatness of things in the light of beauty's intellect, personhood imitators. The problem is the incoherence: All is vanity! All is futility! Now is our after-life resurrection of the body. Spheres of directional insight, formulaeic concordance,

Love. Grotesque cave-handed sans serif disruption, oracular blind post-textual know-how acolytes,

Confuse us, conflator, with unintelligable, irrefutable prestidigitation of hope, joy disported in marble, purgatorial gate steppes, Dead Zones, metaphysic summae principia,

indispensible preliminary reduction to appearance,

Without attacking any creed

Night of the Living Panorama of Our History,

Brutally isolated by death & ruin.

Humanity is a stone age tool wielded by the universe in time.
The increased evolution of human-driven transformation of life
on earth is but pointillist perception of said events, from the
archetype genetic text, "You got to nuke the earth just right to
evolve free form omniscient telekinetic singularities,"

Where once our specific individual momentary human
discretion in collective biome exists,

& yet, our idiotic violence persists.

Life's shortest given moment bound always by the finite
gap between older & newer living alive, between smallest thin-
barriered eternal past & immortal future.

Universal transferant Star Repeater, galaxy relay,

THE LAPIS LAZULI NECRONOMICON

Happened upon a garage sale. Got this book for twenty
five cents. Didn't know what it was, just thought it seemed
interesting enough to warrant a quarter. Even so, I'm sure the
old man selling it knew what it was, because he even asked me,
was I gonna use the book for myself ?

Seems to have been widely popular among oil painters, &
referred to as a bible in some circles for years. At first I didn't
recognize the pedigree, the effect of industrialization's
chemicalization of the human condition. Seems quite out of
print today, I suspect it may have even been suppressed.

*SECRET HINTS. A Golden Ratio. How They Did It. The Perfect
Palette. You Don't Have Any Idea What It Takes To Be An Artist.*

Olden Gran Pappy

I SAID OLDEN GRAN PAPPY

look at his chainfoil watch again,

than. Begun,

"The Mad General's corpse t'wer disposed of in
horrific fashion, along what's now the Six Sixty Sixth, all
across the state, slowly returned, from the falls & blown
down entire, full away to a Lantis City Ocean.

'Tis said his turrible specter in hearse-drawn carriage

fly the lengtha 666 on midnight evenstroke or every New Year's Day, whichever Hell's upon ye, gatherin-a piece-a-parts, so madly,"

OLDENGRAN d'Pappy looken around wildeye. You never know. The end this time. Probably. Sooner than later.

"Once'n I's a boy I sawrit with my known true eyes outside a the ol Drive-In, just a-fore they tore it down to raise a Mall*.

This was after Old Man Truly's annual neighborhood predawn outdoors winter solstice pancakes breakfast, from which I'd wandered off & nearly fallen down an ice-covered unmarked open well in the pinewoods."

[faroff look]

"I'll wager some of The Mad General's bones are down under there still."

**The Chumbury Mall*

The children who are missing are all down the well.

They'll be found in time.

Like the rare smell of the western ocean that mimics the eastern rivers of summer morns. Or that 1 sweet movie poster. Recording the band on Super 8. Building clubhouses, ground & sky. Deep, uncapped wells. Catalpa tree & lilac bush. Toys n Cakes, in 3-D & VHS, Beta for rent. Saturday afternoon creature feature. A lonely farmhouse. Endless fields. Hosted screenings. Drawing drawings. Comic books with tapes on repeat. Programming BASIC on Solid Gold AM FM Saturday Nights. Biking to the library. Heavy air blown away by thunderstorms. Golden purple sunsets before mosquitos rise & swarm. The old pumphouse road. Tadpoles, bass, muskelunge. Creaky train bridge over the shallow river to the church. The gas pilot furnace in grandma's living room. Night TV. Gather round to guess the lotto numbers. Sipping beers. Early to Mass to ready the altar. Mailbox magazines. Mowing the yard. Sweeping the garage. Weeding the garden. Burying the dog. Petting the cat. Chopping firewood, stacking it in the basement. Trading mix tapes. Old LPs. School buses. Nightfishing. The flooded theatre.

The Mall getting bigger, always crowded on the weekend.
Tokens, there, but over here, quarters will do. Papers after
school & 4am Sundays. Boxes in the attic. The Roller Rink Flea
Market. High metal bridges. Fireworks up at the Bend in the
river. Parties. Buick & Catalina. Tubing & canoeing. Up all night.
Painting in the basement. Building additions. Paving the
driveway. Sealing the deck. Estates & refineries. Camcorder
productions. On repeat.

What I Dream Now. Christmas in my youth.
The Exercise Manifesto. The Holocaust Memorial jog.

The Children Who Are Missing Are All Down The Well

—, cretinous shiftbuckler, dingleberry deep-digger, snot
picker, up-close whiff. All he wanted to do was play with those
Action Mans & pretend they's new movies he's seein.

Figure he might go to the dairy isle for some fry chicken &
hot fudge sundae with crush nuts. Hit some rocks in the field
with the chewed up rock bat. Look for a garter snake, some
blue egg robins nests, the cat,

Went back into the garage where its musty & cooler.

Sat on his bike. Got off.

Looked for his one gun left out there with the balls.

Wished he had a fuckin sawed off four barrell,

Aw shit that'd be great!

Couldn't get those bad mothers any more, forget it.

Hopped up tore off.

Flashed through

the backyard garden, into the woods.

that house, their house, this house, another,

a church, a schoolhouse,

a dotted line out of sight behind wild bushes

& apple trees.

Climbed up into the lowest branches of the big oak.

Jumped out.

Ran over into the tall pines.

This was before the mall went up, the nearby intersection
of lonely state rural routes unpatrolled & weeded, only thing
around's The High Way Sky Way Drive-In Movie Theater &

Amusements, a tower of a screen over gravel parking rolling away in lots to tall fields of shadowy grass, bount in further fareset reaches by forgotten cemeteries, muddy ponds, & even darker stands of taller crowded trees uncut by man.

Couple few times a year they mightly rolled in the County Fair or some Gypsy Circus, parking lot turnd over to any Jackass Festival, never know what they might get up to.

According to the marquee, this weekend's all nighter gonna be FROM BEYOND THE DAWN and NIGH UPON A LIVING DEADLY, *sounds pretty good, might sneak up on the balcony (aka Cemetery Hill) for a look over at that one, _._.* believed, & wandered further woodward.

Snuck up on the old clubhouse, recently retrofitted as full size model aeroplane. Nobody home. It would be destroyed in a gang skermish the following summer, but not before the interior was spiced up with a discriminating assortment of bonerfied centerfolds.

Later on the fellows would build a treehouse nearby, up in a huge evergreen, way too high, jack & the beanstalk, kid's cousin would fall out one afternoon & break both of his legs.

"I tried to grab him & his hair went woosh! Right through my fingers," so it was later recollected,

"Man why the fuck they call your cousin Larry 'Lemonade?'" "He piss himself a lot." "And he go around answering to this, Lemonade." "Well they used to call him Lemonade Sprinkles, so it's already a concession."

[...]

"Man why the fuck they call you 'Lemonade'?" "Because I'm so juicy & sweet, motherfucker," pulls out a switchblade, flicks open a comb, combs strange yellow hair.

Double _ wandered along until he came in under the shadow of this eventual treehouse tree, where the paths petered away & something in front of the tall grass almost moved.

A rabbit?

A rabbit about to dart into the thickest brush?

Brambles, creepin bugs, spiderwebs,

bent right down & chased it into the overgrowth.

Not much room. Broke new ground this way & that

reckless, futile pursuit.
holes. Only a follower,
a hop & a hop till his eyes had to stop.
Turn peeled all about. nobunnys left,
mightily scratched by jagers, well into it thick,
thorny vines, worse, & scratchy, & worse still,
the whole way. Halfways out to the damn freeway most like.
No paths,
deertrails. Fucken nobody,
no Thing comes this way.
Proly no chance he'd of ever caught no rabbit anyway,
goddamn rabbit—

Almost fell assover down a grownover gulley

spotted a pile of rocks at the bottom.

Oddly covered in sunlight, like a clearing.

Pullin down weeds as he went.

Circle of rocks in a ring.

Stepped right up.

Hole in the middle.

Rim of a well...

The Well.

Thought back.

old Ditty from next door talkin to his Moms:

About The Well . . .

[There it is.

A dark hole in the earth]

. . . used to be capped

until the awful thunder & winds howling hours on end,

That awful one night one time !

“Now those boys playin over there,

better watch out!”

No one told him anything directly about it. Specifically!
Never said anything to him at all! Specifically! & now here we
are. Specifically!

Indeed. Found it!

All right Oh boy!

Seemed really deep.

A broken board, just aside, rotten dark like an old fallen
treelimb, gnarled up on each end, but once a planed plank, as

still inscribed, time-weatherworn though remaining plain:

O'WELL FORTH.

Sun gettin up full-on now,
coming all the way out of the morning,
still completely dark down there in the well.
Here below the circle of sky in the jagers,
only a slow, mottled light.

Overhead, above tallest ramble & pine, spectating down
from further back & higher up, taunted by the darkness of the
well, given to admit only this smallest ration of day, trying to
look into the well, down the well: the sun itself.

Oh well of unfathomable bottom.

No bucket, no rope, no nothin,
just chunks of rock round the rim, & that old board.
.. picked up one of the crumbly wellstones, weighed it in
his hand, reached out over the hole, aimed an ear,
& dropped it.

Straight down, didn't hit the sides one, two, three, four,
five seconds, then: a clink, & another five seconds to a clank,
then... nothing. An impossibly long time. must be all done
falling. Then, unmistakably, a tiny, faraway splash.

Thought he saw something down there for a second.

Glint, shiny?

Must be hundreds of feet down. a thousand!
A small breeze rose out the hole, ice cold. from so far a
drop. From the bottom.

A well just barely big enough he might be able to get down
into it, if he really wanted to, which of course he did not, but
just saying.

Hardly big enough for him to fall down in to,
never be able to turn around in there.

Just jam off the walls whole way to the bottom.
Like the top of a chimney
going all down under the ground.

Come on down, Santa!

Maybe it was wider down there, like a reservoir,
bringing that strange breeze,

His little brother should fit no problem, you could throw him right in, but not _2, you'd almost have to stuff him in, like with a big foot,

Double _ leaned over & spat down the hole.

He hollered, "Hello," & his voice echoed.

He hollered, "Eat shit,"

many twinkly echoes,

Haw haw haw, he thought, them shit-eaters. Then:

"We're gonna kill you,"

came a voice from the well.

Holy Jesus are you kidding me,

mouth all open at once, [Fart-

SHART!!]. *SQUEEEErAKkaraccck*

(BoomBox?)

SQUEEEErAKkaraccck

(Boombox atop the plank in the grass on the far side of the well? Pretty sure it hadn't been there a moment ago? Ditto the terd in his pants now?)

"HAPPY HIGH NOON 2 YA FROM THE BEAST OF THE

EAST, AM 666, ITS YOUR DJ OF THE BJ, SANNY T JAY, GOT

A HOT LOAD 4 YA, KICKING IT OFF WITH—"

Skeleton arm sprang out the well, ZOINKS,

& before ya boy even had a chance to lean back,

it got him tight by the ankle & snagged loose a disbelieving, crescendoing shriek,

as another skeleton arm grabbed his other ankle &

YANK! straight WHOMP!

Down he dragged forward over stumps & rocks,

knees bent pulled low right into the well & ass over edge of the rim in mere bewildered instants,

fully chest deep in the earth,

cold bony hands on his knees below barely fitting,

felt like more than just two hands for sure,

though now fast incoherent of accurate inventory.

LAUGHTER,

clackity boney rattely teeth sount chorus of cackles

chatterleyed upon agreements as _.'s arms flailed about in rough edge grappity grapples, unset bricks crumbling & rolling between him & down past pulling hands, up to his armpits in

the well, vigorous, hollering at the sky, screaming all out,
for some reason the boombox was gone
rabbit sitting there,
pungent vapors sloping the earthen gyre
blackwell fog cold gathered top round his neck,
clouds of blue, look, last,
& head, eyes, circle under, the whole world
much smaller, misty dimming.
Down the hole,
going to the bottom.
Below two dimensions of flattened light.
And the white fog blocks all the sky,
topdown corked,
wave creeped forgotten child,
buried below the tide, accompanied tears, torn,
something sharp, & poked. Careless. All sides. _ wondered for
the end, at sheer flames of tearing-apartness, of final failing, of
wails in dark descent arriving, of

A Mysterious Unravelling.

You may have seen her. Stands in the bushes every day by
the corner, all day every day, day & night, unmoving, like stone.
I know her name.

She knows, too, about the UFOs chasing the aircraft
carrier in the Indian Ocean near the Antarctic where that jumbo
jet disappeared more recently. But not the one about Aunkl
Fectious.

The Radio Station DJ, "Man I'm just starting here & getting
there, is all, the SLOW PEACE don't like a lot of moving parts,
most liably so,"

Toxic barrels & sidewalk powervault explosions. Monolith
internet monitoring sites.

THE FARRALLON ISLAND NUCLEAR WASTE DUMP & PORT CHICAGO

A disappeared world comes n goes in staggered blinks @
the whim of the clique-mob, itself battered & run by the worst.
No solace even among the ever-rests. Even the creeps are too

doof for ya, turn on you. No investment.

OPENS: - SILENT EXTERIOR NIGHT SKY. Outer Space.
Hold as UFO passes in distance, followed by meteor.

A Boat,

the Death Ship,

the Plague Boatman's Isle,

if yr bringin life yr bringin death too. Fact

Then, sounds: distant sirens & traffic,

newspaper box slamming,

garbage can cashing,

bus goin by.

PAN DOWN from the stars

to birds'eye view of moonlit sea, beach, city,

neighborhood, street, block,

YELLOW EYES BLINK IN SEWER.

Title Cards:

WAMYROSIA

OUR NOTORIOUS

Scary Larry Spiderweb of Magic Spells,

Lies Over There,

in the ditch

below the front-fentage-gate

of the Aoelder-Phellowst Grave-Yard

of Intaerm-Phayernael Raisspit-Pository.

Fluttered leaves in too-tall witchgrass,

fat raindrop battered.

Blared braces of fetid,

tomb-departed, swampgust-gasfires fartforth

in bellanus corpsedust gathered chorus,

deep within the sprawling hilltop cemetery.

So araised,

grimmpiratic paganwarlock bible

in tornadic spirals alooft,

startled, caterwauling,

twisted twisting grimoire,

hidebound of unknown origin,

in crescendo of raven escort

scattercrosses the night's

orange hangman moon's
observant cloudbroke vista.

O sky-disgorged
ballistic volume,
flung in time amongst we groaning spaces,
twixt tumbled mosscoat angel ivyleaf headstone,
where stacked baker's dozen deep in all directions
our mingling bones shiver perchance to hear—

“Here, for you, Sir,
a pumpkin to sit on,
a black cat who rawls,
gravemud that bubbles,
blood run the walls!”

Deeply monastic, vaulted,
guarded by garden groundskeep,
willed't power brick by brick,
so these cells disintegrate away
the barring senses

of your irreputible routine taskmasters, unseeing
overseers, miremucking bedazzlers, horrific honorifics, & deans
of the dead whose sacred words graduate us from tip-top
unread shelves of upper-most slant-shingled attic spire,
to jaggered harrowing howls of open startruck sky,
AND DOWN!

To these wrought iron gullies
of our nigh & darkened
stormy repast:

THE OILY CITY OF THE DEAD's

mausoleums:

“Hell do you skellingtons need such sturdy apartments!

“Prime real estate, best views,

anyone still here to want it bad enough to bother
could easily enact the old Frisco-Colma commonlaw
poltergeist realtor routine clause,

“Not here, no. You'll keep rottin away the day,
old timers & young, all back to wormy dirt,
claws at the lids as you likes.

We'll fish with you yet! Seen that in your dreams?

“In mine's but nightmare airplanes, mansions,

amassed rooms in dingy labyrinths to all horizons,
cruise ships & ocean liners,
soul-rocketing regrets of stumazed ghostly hextoplazms,
rats in us all, after the ball,
doorways, mirrors, staircases, stilted light,
basement crawlspaces, walls upon walls,
terrors, affrights, & melancholy,"

MONSTRO LA MONSTORE
MONSTRO LA MONSTORE & The
WANTON WARTORN BRIDES
of MONSTRACULES

Handpainted Rickshaws. In the '50s they had space movies of the future where people didn't eat real food, just pills. And now, there's pills everywhere. Some people really do eat pills like mad.

The monsters came on UFOs that filled the spooky night like rain. Fist faced, unnerved by new hardships. The one thing you can't fight is when you're out of time tryna be gettin so much better all the time,

New Great Depression: Dawn of the Death of the Mall.
JUST TAKIN A SHIT EVERYBODY. JUST TAKIN A SHIT. Night of the Smelling Farts. Episode: Meow meow meow meow.

Pilfered cues recast us in the mentally collaged revisions
of your illustrator end plates.

Endless torment, whats the point? Is this already hell? No, I aint gonna fuckin read the posthumously published book that killed him to write. The novel in my head. **I'M BEING QUIET FOR YOU. FOR YOUR BENEFIT.** TAXING YOUR IGNORANCE: The lottery you say? A lotta dummies play. A lotta reasons why, lost raisons d'etre, a lot won't stop to say, you got a better chance today, to strike it worse.

The White Worm of the Whale's Waves, whose lamplighted beams on we superheated Pans, dunn dunn dinny, whiskeywatered life's idioglossiac provacateur drownt in authentic tsunami wave pool,

Tin Foil Lazer Hat Affix Ur Beam, the Emperor Penguin's
Onlya Dream (knows fear ate you). Hats sprinkled in lists, in
defacement of defense as the laughter hating landlord asks of
editions & changes in libel-survival ethic-values of mortuarian
art school rarity, of nerds' & monstnerds' recreationale toile &
quitte.

Really dead? Or, just a lie, or, worse,
supernatural perverserverence.
Word dagger technique, landsending,
illegally ashen, cliffhousing, the city vanished,
Tryin to breathe through that blue hole in the clouds there.

Kintsugi bowler, blood letters, rare photos, burned
paintings, war hole canned rations, untitled holler squats'
handymen livin & dyin, warning pretty haircombers up & down
the environmentally damaged elemental flower censer scene,
[handing paper]:

*"A sumptuous quatorzainian prosepoetastery catastrophe
for your coherencideration,"* elected to give it my concentrated
coherent philosophic meditative contemplative etc.

Accused forgiver. Internal use only. Bene Pacifico prayer
beyond all heartbeat of day & night in the victory vice war gyre
of failure of being.

Pirate no. 49's silverloade: halfdollar banker boat treasure
& simpler pleasures. Neologisming all over myself. Counted on
times in this pecker's wood's mutability beyond boredom.
Glistening with the sacred jizz, the most secret potion, proteus
protein. The crazed genius hivehumps his beesflower birdsnest
Helens machine.

The first Homo creature capable of manly thought.

Furnaces, ovens.

The great crossroads of spacetime,
this haven in the heavens.

Get above all reaction, the true scope & extant difficulty of
which now becomes pain, suffering, hate, held together by
sheer force of will, closing in on ghostly eternal decrepitude
hardness, realize personal spacetime projection: limited
choices, finite chances & endless waste, no aid no quarter no

help, less merciful epicurean fate: what is hate? Outrage? A kind of energy released closely with pain's suffrance?

How to deal with Real Horror's Two Masters, circumvent hate, be done, ready to go, made your peace, not going to worry to no end of stress, not already gone from here, still divinely discontent,

till's hate again like breathing, this struggling existence, life's inescapable water, worse than ever,

A bio-real impossibility, acknowledged homo hue-manity, several (non-) beginning & (non-) endings, meow meow meow meow. Jest a purring an purrn & a purn & a purn [anthropic attitudes].

All these guys, I don't know if you realize, they all had serious misgivings about the state of human affairs which they were unable to reconcile, concentration camping, roots running, routes moving, chains, "We like what we got, see, & you can't do nothin about it," silence, isolation, deep in a hole, on the moon,

the only job as it turns out, is to suffer gracefully, to take all of this suffering & maintain a decent attitude of faith, hope, charity, Trivia (Witch Queen of the Ghosts),

Unauthorized reproduction, "I continue to employ a much-used collection of rare bookmarks (all sizes) from long since exterminated booksellers,"

"Speakin of idiot furies," invisible at the crossroads, in the graveyards, dustbins, pumpkin flowers bloom at night & only last the day. The unique horns of your universally corn-fed unicorns, lost, traveling fast to make amends before the ends.

Our brief human lives are the present we drive, explosive DNA chains wed us to the universe with a brief moment of piloted control: attitudinal. Every soul is a black hole, carefully stacked fruit, cleaving someone, leaving all kinds of great old books down at the laundry (karma to divest most of the library in the rentseeker wars).

The bonds of perfection goad

Smokey ghosts embalmed in verdure,

circling coyotes, Christmas spirits' bells, foundlings, rare old mountain silver-gold tunes, a decree went out for the whole world to be enrolled. What child is this, inadequate caretaker,

brain dead, still warm Herod's nativity. Pleased as man with us
to dwell in

darknesses' satisfaction crucifruit,

HONKSFORED CRACKERLY. You a bit much.

Nougats of regret, disparity despairity. Forget it. Confer,
compare moveable feasts announced by cantor after the gospel
on Epiphany Sunday, naming thereof (Roman (Feroz Firoz Lucky
Shining Winner Leader) Missal Appendix I) & upon Hemming's
Way, Deacon Peanus, "Boy I sure had a great holiday time, I am
a really lucky guy all right. Hope we are all in for better days this
year. Especially now they've been sick for days." All this time
waiting. Got connected & figured out how to enslave & kill the
rest of us all. Socially sanctioned.

Rainbows stop the clock (at the stroke of one in the Fog),
time for one more story: coherent catastrophism.

Missionary immigrado evangelist atomic-botany seraphim
& cherubim falling down before you dissipate heat power,
relatively quiet noise in silence, papal arch sin floorboards
hiding impoverished fumie.

Looking back from beyond to appreciate a squandered
moment. We could have a predominately joyous existence
instead of this selfish loneliness & inflammatory sadistic cruelty.

Nag Champa Champion. Nuclear Fusion.

A long scream in the damp dark stillness of my mind.

Be quiet it's early & they're up there. Awful cats. Many
things are computers now. Trimm the frayed rug.

Kintsugi. Rear exit.

BRIDES OF MONSTRACULES

Whynchoo leave kid? Get the fuck out! HOOOORN. LMNOP,
Watson. Taking some space & making a place. All I do is wait.
Everything that is required of me is to give over all of my time &
energy. Waiting through the entirety of my experience of time.
Strike while the iron is hot, or every ten or twenty minutes.
Don't blink or you'll miss it. Honksford Crackerly,

"Suck my dick till ya thirst is slated, unless I already
masturbated, bitch then u getting a **DRY LOAD**," "When we first
started fucking, one time, I licked her asshole & she jumped,"
"Wee Willy Smallcox, lickin on your fartbox," "Take a deep

breath, sit back on this dick, bet you didnt think last time you took a shit, somebody be licking your anus right now," "OK everybody, hush up, shut yo mouf, bouncin them tiddy all up & around, two hands on my penis is how we gettin down," "Comin on her & her friends one way & another, still got a hard dick I'm the nonstop lover." Hackers wackers snackers crackers lackers & punks: yet another opportunity to die in the lion of doody. Buttfuckers chimneypipe all day makin boners come makin boners go away. "So you got your plans for Walpurgis Night? Stroke off midnight it's May Eve," the genius of the penis, **the peenius**, Oh Whale & Oh Well, worm I'm talkin Penis B large & P. Nice. The gunsnickers peen dream, thinkin on peen & lookin on peen & talkin on peen & smellin on peen & touchin on peen & mouthin on peen & suckin on peen & eatin on peen. These MFers love peen! Swinging through a rainforest on penisvines like apemen,

The Omen

In between the high white clouds & the low grey clouds & the distant dark blue skies of the ill nanu-nanu storms, the cold faroff Pacific looked so deep dark, almost gray, but the bay flushed full of California glowing green.

Passed the golf course, Joan of Arc, El Cid, the Laocoön, the Legion parking lot windmill sculpture, the Holocaust and Kanrin Maru memorials, & on down to the paths above the sea cliffs. Steps down, down, steps so nice now, too nice, more recently a no-man's land, scraggedy brush path, now twisting redwood beam staircase through hillside overgrowth & windblown trees, to a little bridge where the runoff's channeled into a rock-&-chickenwire-lined streambed, by the looks of which had seen flooding recently, but just then in filtered sunlight only motionless damp sand. Half a golfball poking out of the bed. smooth all around. wouldn't wanna be goin through there in a heavy rain, be like quicksand till it threw you off some ledge into the ocean, bing bang boom,

A NICE RECIPE

for shitburger pie, have a heaping helping, it's a ghoulish, open wide, WIDER now, scoff & calumny, usin me fists then will

we! Downbowl gravitation of unconscious sewer rainbows,
“Hey Kid you wanna balloon?” Asks the funnyman with the
bleeding pusweepy cuts in his whiteface. “How about a Poop
Hole Peep Show, every tried it? Gots one for ya roitere. It’s see
one eyed won, dear! The wondrous wiener the world awaited,
hunny got some buns fur me? Just comes on down ‘ere in the
sewer, right in the old shit hole, you can take the grate or you
can take the stormdrain, you might could take the sink, or the
shower, or the tub, or how’s about that nasty unbelovered terlit
bowl? Yes, Yeah, Yes sir, that’s travelin in style, the old W.C.
express, toot toot, chugga chugga, poop shoot! Poop chute!
Thar she blowed! In the commode! A mother load! Of stinking
choade! There’s vomit & shiddy dude-y-lillies every which
where way up in here! This is total ignorance! It’s filthy doody!
Why are you moving your leg like that, are you tring to kick
away a fart? Don’t try & kick that on me damnit!

EUGENICEDES.

If yr really any good only plz (NO LOSERS), feel free 2 join
us on the corner of the street by the trashcan & the creepers,
hosted by that 1 raccoon, there’s a piano but it’s outa tune, rats
vs ravens, winner take all, get on the Ball, talk 2 the Hobo with
the clipboard & Sign On. Watch out for loose horses!

Vomit that & piss this. Temple of the templates of the text.
Brats & full grown bitches. Dank dank Bonkey Dong arcade up
on Broadway. Haints. “Hain’t no,” streetsitter poopinchair.
Plague edict diner’s B&W TV microphone, comet museum,
fanned letters, touring revue, war collect.

Prosopopoeia vs. social media. How so animated.
Shurewoulds Home. Didn’t get me through, only dragged me
out. Won’t get me through, only drag me out. Blackhole eyeball
circular impression: look for the light source, not the light cast.
Lot of times you’ll never exactly know when you crossed the
event horizon of not being OK,

THE PRIVY LEDGE.

Disaccountable human failures. Privytization. Whole
apartment’s worth of trash dumpt, left on the sidewalk,
migrated the day away up & down the blocks, attracts a huge

lumbering shit-stained sweatpants insane bum to meander
between trash-piles lolling about helpfully to smash various
items into manageable sized chunks & cram em down the
stormdrains for the sewer zombies, alligators, & Scary
Drainpipe Clowns, who need furniture too. Solitary density.
Coffeeshoppe democracy. End circling drains, O.; eaten up by
the coywolfpack. Ripper responsibility. Punishments of better
futures. Cars be movin. Strain positioned.

NIGHT OF THE LOVING BIRD

Career drinker foremost. Love to get fucked up at the bus
stop in particular, closest thing to a bench in the world today.
You deal. You caint pusha river, he know. He'll try to get a move
on before he gets chased. Before the Pig Mans come. But now
it's all the way late & it still ain't really early & there won't be
any bus for a while, & somehow it's not even too cold, like one
of them endless summers, still drinkin this bottle from the good
day gone, so. DRINKS.

[found dead at bus stop next morning]

Seen him sprawled out on the sidewalk before.

Games, house to house,
the betrayal, machine gun chain gang attack on
[The Masacre, The Execution]
the genocide industry war machinery's
invisible tsunami murder room
to room, hand to hand neutron bombast combats.
Not to retire dead on the shitter,
at peace in our beds.

Different color glowing eyes like crystals.

Shorties. Fast muters. Gorn befall yr very eyes.

Port Chicago - Farralon Island Nuclear Waste Dump
Freak!s in time & space. alien UFO steamtrain golem
crabsquid voodoo ritualrite plutebombers. Castle mtn
moat ripper amusements entertain frank fossil troy ark
vampire gypsee basement cave camp hole town remote
isle isolation campsite fire quake church bell dam
floods. Göbekli Tepe

*One of only 2x 35mm prints **known extant** (on loan for the festival). Conspicuous placement of foreground objects. Spooky house in woods on dark & stormy night.*

CUT down on block. [axe fall] splashed BLOOD. To:
windblown gutter trash in breezes:
Old Time Horror Comic Font Jesus:

“GENOCEDES!”

--PAN to loveable hobo drunkenly panhandling on sidewalk with barely intelligible grunts. CONTINUE to NIGHTLIFE PARTY CROWD QUEUE of murmuring voices outside **Grind House Theater**. PAN UP to marquee: ALL FULL IN HELL NO VACANCY. PAN DOWN to Neon lit lobby, linger briefly passing posters: The Alienated One, The Lunar Forth, 40% Live In Concert, LOUDER INSIDE, more crowded, PASS stranger freaks & weirdos, video games, ushers, concessions, INTO AUDITORIUM, PASS wild reefer-smoke crowd with very realistic famous monster cosplayers (including a giant shit monster?), PAN UP TO SCREEN-- LIGHTS DIM: HECKLER IN CROWD O/C: “Please let me die!” CLAPS! CHEERS! POPCORN TOSSED! CLOSE IN ON SCREEN: COMMENCE: Silhouetted witch brooms across full moon in cloudbreak above as camera tracks in to front door of THE HOUSE as a WOLF HOWLS O/C—

THE FOG TOO

The Strange Lot of Death @ the Rise of the Demoncrab(s) from the nuke site & witches brew in the beachside cliffhouse cells where they sleep dreaming rockets launched in ‘45 finally falling out of time.

Fear reliver reliever,
to me its like, “O I heard yr dead,” but since we’re so isolated I forget a lot, until I come back dyin tryin, can’t even remember at what point everything done become a matter of procrastinating something worse,

An explosion at the mine.

Trapped miners, pockets of methane.

Traveller caught out on a dark & stormy night
seeks refuge in a gloomy mansion

where things seem off kilter every way.
A scary secret progressively hinted: hallmark
the practice to introduce philosophical discourse,
interrupted by the advent of real word plot elements, in turn
transmogrified by said metaphysical underpinnings, an extreme
generic mutation of externalized biolinguism,

A pre-industrial lidded pit in the hidden room (*an industrious prison*), into which patriarchs have cast enemies for generations, framed in a few shots from the bottom up, so that you can just see the head of the killer peering over—as if you, the viewer, are laid there, laying broken in the pile of corpses—

Going At You With A Hatchet & A Hacksaw.

Assorted Miscreants

in the Action-Packed Sci-Fi Thriller

Loaded with Horrific Chills, Sex, & Gore!

Black laughs & ribaldry feature prominently in this renegade genre cataclysm from the producer of *Now You're Going To Pay!* and *The Millionth Vampire*.

The Priest with the dark past, anxiously tapping the walls of a hidden catacomb, straining to listen— he knows he can't keep the truth secret from the dogged **Detective from Frisco** much longer— **The Last Alchemist**, who must set his sacrifice of innocents in motion under the full moon tonight, while the serum is still fresh— **The Murderous Whore** plotting a vicious end to the new kid in the room down the hall, teasing her own sadistic desires out of bored whimsy before calling on **Mungo**, the dopesick hench-ape provided by the **Doctor**, to finish the job— to extract the schoolboy's hot organs— The lumbering **Bass Painter** piloting his crotch rocket to the studio where the last wire tracks were laid, canvas ringing in his head like a bell, mutating his mind, invoking waves of skin rippling ghosts of questionable intent—

All of these blood-drippingly lurid agents, and more! await the visitor to our blasted heath of ill repute. See! it choked with the charred bones and snuffed out souls of all your wasted sun days, SEE! Wind and rain,

A motte and bailey castle to torture you inns.

To keep you alive and in as much pain as possible.

Crushed, stretched, poked, ripped.
Garderobe and chamber pot.
As the fire snaps
under the cauldron
that got the curse workin'
Stirred to a boil, smoking—
the air was thick with oblivion that day.
Like being on the farthest star,
forgotten by God.

A Movie I Think I Saw

There are no recurring characters. Big stinking cities at the end of civilization. People rounded up, whole neighborhoods, containment goes poorly, bullets fly everywhere, the anticipated plague descends. A progressive montage of personal carnage expands widely until high enough to see the earth in space when the nukes go off all over. Rapturous fires, earthquakes, floods join the pestilence & depravity. Gigantic UFOs arrive en masse, fucking with the local gravity, monstrosously big aliens eat a thousand people in a bite, & set about to consume every living thing on the planet. Romanesque angels appear from the atmosphere to fight for humanity— but the aliens defeat them, too! This precipitates a rip in the fabric of reality as whatever it was that was God on earth dies. In the final moments, an altogether different species of aliens arrive on the scene and do moon-shattering, planet-blasting battle with the other aliens, until it seems likely that whatever would have been left of the earth after the A-bombs & monsters is going to be blasted into pebbles by the space battle. **The End.**

In the sequel, some CIA mobster astronauts who survived the first movie go out into space and join up with the second aliens, who they feel are more like what we would consider to be rational beings than the other extra-terrestrials, & flee across the universe to chill out for a minute with some reefer & tunes. Their eventual human-alien progeny one day return to what's left of earth & find actual human survivors on the horrible zombie ghost world, terrible, sad, monkey-like, dirty, still can't hardly believe it, been waiting all this time, stoned ages,

Bunk Moany Up All Night

Bunk Moany was a private dick operating out of North Beach in Frisco. Out the window of his office he could see the wharf and the clock tower. He longed for the days when there was no bridge yet and sometimes there were still ships of sail stranded in the mud among the blackjacks. The latest on the search for the missing comet watchers drizzled in from the TV behind him like the fog & whisper-secret convalescent rain he watched from the window, exhausted from short hours of nightmare-plagued unrest. Nuts in one hand, curtains in the other, he lingered in the shadows, three stories over the sidewalk grey outline of the city buried in clouds. He let the mist from the cracked window dampen his face. It wasn't gonna last. A prowler splashed by, came to a brief halt at the corner four way, and beamed a crown of headlights as it circled and pulled back down along the curb below. It idled for a moment, puffing exhaust as LED lights twinkled inside. Then it moved back on down the road. Radio wave frequencies increased everywhere. Personalities doing traffic & weather, the holocaust report. "All the zombies want to do is eat your brains. They sniff & they sniff, & when they sniff your brains real good they know how juicy & delicious they must be, once & after they get your skull cracked like a peanut, like an egg, they'll eat your brains so tasty, so tasty,"

Bunk Moany Wildest Places

Every now and then an eyeball'd peek through the glory hole, followed by a tongue and inevitably, some wiener. Bunk grabbed it— HARD. A scream filled the space behind the wall as Bunk flipped out his dirk and ran that pecker off in a gritty stroke. The blood was everywhere! Fog burning off in the light behind the stained glass, radiant. Enlightenment's comfort. A shorthand. Only what's necessary. Tasty. Toothy. Sleepyhead. Attic Finds. You need to go out just before dawn when it's warm and been raining. You know where to go to, the best spots in the park, you'll find em. Hundreds, sometimes thousands at a time. I asked the groundskeepers what they do with this kind of infestation and they told me, "Step on em for fertilizer." You don't need a license. They're a non-native pest and you are

required by law to exterminate them on sight.

Bunk Moany Worm In Your Brains

Then he went down the hall to the loo and warshed up a minute before checking in. "May rains is the best," he thought, "Cause I love killin!" Taken to the hillside temple altar & hammered repeatedly in turn. Little bastards. The salt for them yet. A worm in the brains. Laid waste to the the fuckers. Reaping. What he didn't know or imagine was that no matter how careful he tried to be about washing his hands, he was eventually going to get some worms from those snails. You can't manually take that many snails apart & not get some snail goo on you. & you can't wash it all off no matter how you try. Bunk's hands were cracked & nicked & cut habitually, & when he massacred snails, snail goo got into his bloodstream & the worms rode his hot red river to his soft, cheesed brains & mingled with the rest of the viruses & parasites in the dank stinking corners of that awful crainial moosh, sparking unforeseen genetic mutations whose tentacles quickly fanned out across that grey galaxy, poisoning its well WORSE, exacting revenge, telling Bunk's lungs to fill with slime... Bunk had a mucus bath in his chest, he coughed out one snails worth after the next all day long. At night it pooled & backed up into his sinuses & ears & his eyeballs floated on it & it burbled in his throat, choking him awake. No more sleep. When the slime coated his teeth & tongue & he smelled it constantly he knew that they were not only slow, but patient. They were taking their time about it. There could be no doubt. Sent to hell to haunt him. Their combined spectral effort was overwhelming. He was going to suffocate all right. The Long Count (The Salt For Them Yet).

Yack the Dripper at the bonfire: bring me the head.

We'd need to travel in space with at least 5 feet of water around us to block radiation. Good thing the earth has a magnetic field. It's very delicate here. Nothing else like it that we've found.

"Some disturbing photographs on your computer,"

From the wall to the sacrificial spot. On a giant leaf across

the archipelago from the volcano, pyroclasticisms blasting into the sky over lapping moonlit seas, in sudden retreat from approaching shockwaves.

Sweeping witches. Flesh in stitches. "Cuts by the demon flavored five. Piles of bodies yay high. Pieces of people. Fingers lickin'."

The continuing Jupiter incident loomed large over the day. June, July, is always the time. The daytime sunstream. We're blind to it. It just suddenly happens. Fifteen years later exactly. An amateur happened to see it.

"Yeah those was funky times. I used to think about them a lot. But then you know what, suddenly I got a whole nother new thing to think about. It happens to everyone. So I just keep on keeping on with it.

"I picked up the battle axe and gave it a swing at the wall," [It made a generous thunk sound as it split deep into the wood.] "But now I had done it. There could be nothing else but to follow through," he says, looking at the irons on his wrists. The Detective spat down on the fat fucker, "Yew busted the wall, so you had to chop yer mudder into all them pieces!" and the fat fucker said, "Aye, for she would not have allowed me to go unpunished for putting that hole in her wall." "What the fuck, yo. What the fuck." "I know I am deeply disturbed. How do I get better. Oh Lord help a MFer get it right."

Well, likely because of his old testament knowledge, but certainly owing a great deal to the influence of contemporary thought in the earth sciences (not what I would expect from any kind of serious religious fundamentalist), I found his Atlantis story to be far and away the best thing I ever heard on the topic, let me just write his name on my list here.

UNHEALTHY THOUGHTS PLEASE

anchors away, steamflakes. Contentious demo.

The painter banked
over the beer camera.

"I like to talk about things I like, not things I don't," Now
no angels better than the sheeted corpse up the pole,

Dueteronocannibakanonical

White bloodstained surrender flag, *raascinnt*. The font

forge vs the forge font. Or was it just a fond hope—

Dead, I thought. “Have you considered leaving them out there with a lightly treadmarked trail in trade? Abused to death in service,

No one else to serve, so hard in your mind, bear it, for your good own’s, protector best you can. Sick as I’m & won’t be long forever, youngst, err, uh, maybe not even long’s I can be year ta helps, afore afeared I needs be go be gone, before at burden, consider a V-value (cf., \$,) of yr own precious lifespan: death formulae.

The drought’s break sloshed sidewalk shit in a liquefying swirl round the great toilet bowl of the city. “There’s turds all over this town,”

“If you’re happy & you know it that’s a lie. If you’re happy & you know it, that’s a lie. If you’re happy & you know it well I really hate to blow it but the truth is that you’re only gonna die,”

SHITTING ALIEN CHURCH DEBRIS INVASION GOSPEL

“I already said everything I’ll ever have to say to you, including in plain typeset text that, instead of respecting me even enough to have the dignity to respond to, ...

Goddamned came to the Fn coffeehouse & straight interrupted me while I ignored him, plainly reading, quietly engrossed. Relentless talked at me until I was quickly so aggravated that I made a show of getting ready to leave without saying a single word, & kept talking. Provoked me even into calmly being as mean as I could in as a few words as possible as I left, and as I left: still talking

...I am not your shrink & I am not your priest & I am probably not even your friend. I probably don’t like you at all, regardless of whatever is in your brains on the topic. It ain’t my job to forgive you...

Old pisspants here, no mask. Guy built nuclear plants all over, think he be haunted for safety. “Where’s your mask?” No reply. Lives in a freestanding small home in the city, totally off

the grid. God knows what kind of jalopy reactor he's got. & he dont even ask Scary Larry to live in a tent in the back or something! Sitting right here living out of his van. Come on, man!

This little attitude is all I got, what's to take? Break it all at once: my father's rosary, the organ nobody plays, every pen & lighter left here, my fingers, lips, guts, & airways, even this moment together, passing, gone,

BROKEN GLASS

Been a dry year. Saw a snail kept crawling the wrong way down from the street until it froze dry on the ceiling above the gate. Easy to miss up there & I kept forgetting about it. Then I'd see it again & think I had to tell the girls. Finally I remembered to tell them but they had already seen it. Later on we all remembered to look together down there on our way out & there he was. "He's dead." "No, he's probably OK, just got too dry & went dormant. When we get a chance we got to pick him down & give him some water." But the fog came in deep & wet in the night. In the morning outside on the ground by the gate I found him, the busted snail. Fog came up the hall enough he decided to make a run for it. But he was too far out in the ceiling & fell the whole way. Still alive, & clinging fresh to the wet but already drying floor when I found him. I plucked him off, he tried to stay suckered to the ground, good sign but I don't know if he'll last with that shell though. Took him out to the front garden & put him on a wet leaf. Probably a seagull will eat him.

My only hope is to exercise control over my own attitudinal behavior. Even if I feel despair, it is better to put that aside & act OK. By acting OK I can hope to be OK.

The other day I was walking down the street when a car pulled up to the curb as I went by. Slowly rolled forward to follow parallel to me out into the crosswalk as I carried on. Down came the electric window, old man driving leans over and says to me, "You know where there's a Burger Man or something?" Which of course I did and I told him all the way

down last street on your left before the beach. Guess I look like the one who knows where the Burger Man is.

Lost &/or gained a lot of weight, need new underpants, new everything actually but especially first & foremost new underpants. Been out of work for a year, gotta make do with these gigantic underpants. It's a good thing I was so fat cause it gave me something to do all year, that is, not eating anything to save money helped me to lose weight,

Keep clappin s'long as y'r translatin into aprioris,
& little else beside.

Annonenimnitty & Presuppositions

of the Staff Stave self slave or,
the Odd, complicated
shared centres of grave revelries escape inventors
welldressedworth tombs of leisure matters that seemed
settled, tho life's an unfolding explosion

of knowledge of old showtales
repeated into legends
now reaching alien worlds
in elemental arrangements
of rarest mineral forms to inform

Our New World Winged Princess Angels of Saint Francis,

recognized instigators, seeyaL8rs, encouragagators, kept
quiet in the **mansfort atop the cavern within the saltcircle**,
Nothallowed to handle knives, unhallowt, canya magine,
"Stuck in a chair. Canyamagin. I'll bring it from now on,"
depth of fields of The Murder Towers
concentric piles of bodies,
"Sure ee's blind & deaf but izzy dumb too?"
"F'not lookout, atse most dangerous kind,"
"Worsena dull knife,"
orionbelted child, sickboy, evenna canned food

bequeathed, Mista Frankly, even a single fading thunder note
more of Every Last Thing

[LASTLY, FROM ANOTHER WORLD, WAS YR
PANSPERMAEIC PROGENTEOD THING, BEEN HIDING
FROM YOU IN THE LAST POSSIBLE PLACE ALL THIS TIME,
TRY AGAIN, ATOMIC LIFE] [DEAD, AGAIN!] [GIVES UP &
FLEES (AGAIN)!]
THE GREAT CHASE

but the most important, so sure was rather not, !, but
dangerous, !, bad, !, to be rid of, !, lost for good! [*Unspokenfor,
lost, a hard place to die in*]

Few those willing public participants who break every
spine & open deep the failing pages of every hidden security
strip,

Poor-placed halcyon post-traumatic gyre-point
premonitions recalled too late,

bookmarkt Incidents, footsteps hubservd, counter-
constructed, redefined, "LMNOP, Whatsup,"

[B&W static]

insistent ghosted violence, side-stepped, machine-timed
putdowns, murdered enemy-heir hero-sons comeback anon
against, asif—ghosts, as though—force & field,

Form your lure of time's energy:

Do we approach the infinte? At what point
in plexus (continuing, uum, iteration) are we OK?

Ergo, dickhead, UR-Godic, "for us," a forest of leaves, still,
still a forestfull left.

What will you add to the blessed mix. Your own fruit.
That's your story, happening, nothin to do with what happened
to someone else some other time, unnatural catastrophic
events,

*Antonio Bologna aka Tony Baloney, "There's no more
pictures, like this. Real photographs. Those days ended
some missed day ago." Divine Faulter Waterfished, "Keep
it in mind but don't say nothin, that's plannin,"*

Partial process so large it required bits, scales, evolution of
smaller parts, elevation to cento,

Singular rose sometimes loved.

Agoraphobic misanthrop.

Already I wanted to tell you earlier in life, in the now, I ran
out, we ran out of time together, & poetic license, & marvelous
realism,

“Real Marv is 4 the truth,”

alive right now, still turning gratitude into peace,

Or they were in my time, tho

not enough. So lauded by betters,

“Easy. Just starve yourself as much as you can from now on.”

By the time someone’s dyin it’s usually too late,

they don’t want to know, heard that one?

Inveighly inveighed of nonstop croaking ravens.

Stompt up a mead in the meadow. Our garland weaver.

Plague as total war.

Cowards last refuge,

cast this element of time with unknown counsel,

SKYSPILLT.

“Where r u goin, r u goin 2 places,”

A cat named Meep who love to bite & scratch. Ask
Grandma. Must I defeat you too? *Hammys*.

Contemplative stew. Stew on stewing. Yr stewed. No such
terms. Whatever it is, it’s not mine, it’s ours now. All of it.
Pretty soon, every thing I say, gone make you stand up, go
away. Arrange, bury, separate, mix. ANIMUS.

Write it down, read it up.

“Don’t make it worse,”

“How?”

“Any how,” out loud, 100% observed,

Commit. To ‘-er,’ or ‘is 2 err.’ As ‘of’ is ‘off.’

If I can’t stop u by being calm & quiet,

or by speaking w/ this paperbook,

rescape or deflect,

What’s that 4th dimension? Anti-reduction.

Hyperinflation stage. Vanisht. POOF-OOM!

*The shadowwash. Nuked vaporizations remain to mark
their last matters least densely. The Shadowwashen,*

those Old San Francisco

Hills of Pittsburgh.

Anno, writ in years.

A secret's only slow info, matters exist secreted:

Earhole bouble gyre. "You're 'ick,"

OPEN HOLE trenchstrings pull tight.

The looming-angled mushroom-clouded.

Shared _bsvrnce formulae.

--**But, an aspect in its own measure.**

I have another:

Sins signs in Collect.

Pedestrian general. Idiot tyrant.

The dreams of my angels

though they seem unprecedented,

of astronomical speed in time, relative,

the rate of human change, pre- vs post-, appears

generationally slow to chasm bridgers who

would that there were such machines

...try not to talk about any much of it on repeat,
if not very well founded,

interpreter,

faithforth _obsvr,

skull oracle sculpture become monumental in time.

"Finger the hole, Thomas,"

Take a walk & think on yr wake.

The gulf between us, my alientation of years, unable
to communicate except from the most well guarded position,
fully preoccupied just to try to,

I'm too broken to do that now. Any exposure is incredibly damaging.

*Please: if you can't help, leave me alone. I'm so full of poison. I cannot. I fear to
be enraged further by your any word.*

FRAGMENTS IMBUED ACROSS GENERATIONS.

IN SERVICE OF TRANSLATORS.

**THE WIND THAT WILL BEAR YOU AWAY
(FROM ME) (IS STARTING TO) GROW(S).**

“Well this all dog food aint it? If your dog good enough?”

A crack ahead of dawn, crazytowne dustbowler.

Acrobatic buddies. The antifascist reverund.

Subrisio Salatorum’s abbreviated receptacle woid,

The Forth From With In

Human density. “You can crawl on out here & sit right down
on top of me like basketball, I’ll radiate darkmatter oblivion,

So dense all falls lament song deeper back into its own whole
emergent verse mute un-hated quiet peace place

in mine obit orbit,

in revolutions mine,

LAMENT songs

Earlier places in earlier times left behind. Empty spots.
Future ghosts with nothing to fear, gone so far away. All our
explosive pain, our entire outcry,

Carry it forever on

this immeasurably short wormride

through space during time across the fell,

the dell, the knell. Deeply felt & deeply we knelt.

ASH. Ashes. Ash-Teks.

The Lost Safe Xcuse Gospel of the duke of wrecks of the oil
of your Oxford Shorter English Forth Right. Your Art of the Live
Writing of Poetic Word Event *u all itties*.

Savage desert devil ambushes.

Haxan witchspeak morningsun.

Utility uniqueness.

Radical receptacle of critical massiveness & riding gravity
waves at near lightspeed velocity toward cold fusion of old &
new texts,

LEPER COLONIAL

Scents, say, shunned. Suffer-snuggle. Server at your
mercy, reeminder from the remainder, your gentle forgiveness,
tolerance, peace, small cures, acceptance,

Fort Fortalice. Fortean fortes for rescue,

Considerable argumentor, line by line, minute by minute,
runnin bartle-boy immediately read aloud, correctly, as litany.

SENTIENTAEANCES Die-O-Gramm'dt.

BIBLIOTORNAEDICK *fingerwords, an Oily O*

Well to ye, the sewerpit impactor, tombed,

Sentence diagram commutor. Unlisted pity pleaser. Trolley
troll vomitorium oblation. The end of sword (so-word) based
poetry. So swords forwards, "I Won't." OR NOT, as the case may
be taken, "I don't think you can really read, you're just making
shit up as you go," syndicated hoarders on the borders of the
boarders emergent contextualization, abandoned repeatedly in
desert cohabitation. Starving nicely, respectable doody. Shuttered
churches, pumpkin gallows. Trunk coffers, swashbuckled tounge
biter (Ex Libris imprint) rescued from burning libraries. O
Palimpsest Lover! Legit Ignatus,

THE BONDS OF PERFECTION GOAD

No sketches! no photos!

All want their story _OBSERVFED, none wish to _OBSERVF.

"New world's full, everybody off!"

"Hard job, that, King of the Knowitalls,"

Demon Fighter. I know. Reaching, watching.

*The Trestle where they thought they could hide the body
& get away clean...*

a Journey more than physical space.

Casting, pounding.

"_____" angelic recitation,

DIY rotary clubbed newsreel

& the time they'll take in the moment's water,

The Memory of Water

Streaming, Rising, floods. Pumphouse,
the trick is to just do it 100% well,

“Big & fruity,”

The colorforth’s spectral spectrums

& recipe spell instruction manual codes,

direct art forum muse music,

ordaint, ordinal, ordered violent element,

cancer dancer whirl wheel

barges forth, extracts

preoccupied, trembling, harrassing,

(volume shaking, attempted obstruction)

... once again taking too long to matter.

“Closed now, gents,” pretext,

Augustus againstus in defeated soul array,

“Cannot fend For master baiters,”

moves about the cell reservedeadly.

Claypotter’s gated grounds mission.

Even the garden outhouse chapel choir.

Strike saints frank clarioncall,

Ignorant polarity’s secret exiled ex-squire,

spire’dt escapment, born refugees,

colors we’ll,

devoted last well,

Talmud of ye busted ticker.

Year newly ticket tapped paraded grounds,

Acts unmined,

orb-reader faults quaked-light orbs,

lost mound culture, paradox of the unseeable moment,

droughts, mass beheadings, champs, plod in full frontal

formation with cardboard cut out weaponry.

Harmonic chess meats,

meet our dream marquis waltz, fated, coveted, in hidden
focus, stone pattern & BROKEN GLASSES mosaic.

Surreptitiously, on toilet paper,

Ugonlino orders pizza.

UROCHS COWBELL

of the gorillacage prescription precedent. Of our life
expectation kanjis made up perfect, world letter insides, out!
Foretold of a shadowed paradise, a para deez,
Queen of the prow,
sin auth or entic free
frontier good killers landing, pressed,
astralspar highrise customair custodian,
pale spiderhome flame,
“& tilted inside. Carpetbagged! Door, turret, & bartisan.
Hung it all. Hangbung! Bahsht! Whose axed?”
Life’s lastflash: Not even a brick, hutch, or bunny, mister.
Abbot! My slip to shore clement teen, grip impalementaries,
hobo bombdust, inferno ash,
insectualized deathcamped millions,
murder plans of the deputy killers,
tuned up native resource
perfecting a vision of no Thing,
on tours of fronts familiar.

Mafioso beats of lost loves, roust again, go figure:

brung out a dread fryn pans fryr,
outraveged Salome’s twistn shroud.
extinct pitch’d messengers battle
ammo in kind, toothless, eyeless,
the wonderful bread of the day.

Harp’gooned, walleyed planks tonne smoke signal.

“Dance,” ambergis,
cabaret comforter gone home,
hillbilly Nero,
nurse bard,
pit hole,
grave latrine.

Precious life
witches’ salt
moving, pain mewing
holy cats enwalled
afterwhile crocodiles enthralled,

death stinger, butterfly, death row library. Even come the day.
Severed head ornaments. Treefullaff bugs, rats, lizards, snakes,
bats, owls, tied up and set ablaze.

[Executioner shakes head]

"Only the befouled," no rest reference, rooted in escape
tunnels, shoe drops, first amends, ovens, tophats. Planted life
pro verb psalmist for tunes roared of the friyars rare earth sunk
cost citizens. (Nonhumans, I did it because they fed us.)

Archestral POW autocannon overture
Mint, mfgr, press melted hell fount rock
highground underwater, longnow plasma aboil.

Ranges pompn
firework wreathed
windbreathed ark
ranged planet
bar none.

Throne song book

heat regulator
bleeding trail to a stop.

**ONCE & FOR ALL
THE BAD GUYS**

Much more than half over. Once & for all the bad guys.
Moreso. These woofed men of the fronting steps, them steppn
woofs, hunter-gatherers of the dawn of agriculture's
ascendance, of time's big moments, out-grown,
halfover already, kids,
half! already!
already! half!
if anyone could do it, you could,
I never helped you really,
it was all you,
all you!

Been out here alone on my own so long, so'lone,
we all die alone, we're all gonna die, alone, every day

seems less likely it's only just a dream, in the stream,

so merrily-scarily seen
the clowny-peen ream-team
sewer-scene downta scream,
bro bro bro,
yr boat is fucked.

Toolbox & the screwjar,
moonmoth incidents,
rageglasses & toweltypes of the ragman, soft hands,
floors, counters. Smooshed, banged, purple, cut, bloody.

You started talkin at me. You brought up religion, I never
do that. So I guess you feel a kind of bottomless, drain circling
emptiness in the dead of night? Is why this spiritual bullytalk?
Sorry, don't want to talk or listen, thanks. Please stop talkin at
me, I'm not listening, I don't want to hear it.

Almost need to be quiet about such good ideas. Construct
elements of subliminal depravity,
well intended
quite ever.

Violent letters unmailed for the best erroneous
impressions of the private writing process as thought.

Infamous klansrapper Kream Kone Kidd, Appalachian folk
artist, born & raised again, sought redemption repeatedly,
during,

Merlin's slowest sidekick easily tricked into tryinta fuck
these silver ingots into gold in a strange midnight moonlit
ceremony with guitars, attendants, & rare bloodready dirks,

ensconced well-prepared to ignore accepted payment
deferred of wormannity, leftalotaloof, & these terrible
oppressimps libvetogeffe,

& therefor, shall we rather nicely sayso,
must have **seen this beam of creams**,
allowances, & made their feverish penisbranded tools,
charity erasers, propinquitis parsimonial reprehensive

rallyrumpassed convenient confessions of intoillerinsends
anunkencompasst,

supplemental notes to an epiphany,
next 2 me, Late Love Letters, global,
only I, the maestro donimous, can accomplish.

[The maestro know. The micetro D animouse, he care.]

Why yes I do take it back. Groovy.

Black & steamy, brokely stoned.

Tryin to get some light in these eyes,

Charge em up to glow.

Every which all ways, unexpected transits,
Now just a phonerer unanswered faraway,
ghost yet or no, reached out,
philosillysophistical mediocriteys, left lone nights,
the deep waiter, gone out drunk long where,
come back if when who know.

Now children, asleep here too,

A Mirror This Way,

little girls bald terror attacked spot,

crippled inside the tower's monastic graveyard
cellgrounds, broiled in waves, the homecoming prom pledge
danceweekend delisister streetcorpse only writes formostly of
the women, first of M'all.

Cats, familiars, staring contests, contested conclusioned,
intruders, fortress keepsake poison pancakes of The Diner
Massacre, strangely specific plans considerably arrived at &
refined away,

to ourgone ongont evolved circulastories
of the moneyshocked's

Asylum Routines of the Confineds

self-examination of nightscreams, & how they affected the
world (so not to be justified except in relation to),

Yr. too mean to face, 4 me 2 face U, is my excuse. Ease.
Up. Just. Stop, I don't want to hear you, I want to be far away
from your Corporate Works of Interludianisms, easy ides, &
ideas, what shiftly ides you have,

Nevermind perfect pitch the import witch is relativ writ
lessbin spellt so really special; but any other language? In
melody, please.

"Dinnt know yer #1 is my #2?"

Precofinal (escaped pods upon the tides) storage for livin
bodies cheap as whose sense of the distance of the sun trynta
fall, blown back, spinnt,

feels it fall on all it fall,

or, we have rather thoughts, words, actions
to make these waves,

No longer 24/7, Found dead, picked clean, white,
deconsumerist haunted heatpyres, tomahawked boomeranging
chiefsmail axeheads, deathmasks, & mosques
of the corpse deville craematoriums'

Return of the Pestilence:

antibioticless Englifshfetchmen.

The beaten song of beastly cancer sugar shoppers
bestie best commonplace truelove conveyances'
tumourous humours struck to sing
to frufrock furry robed aledition

God

get us a pin & pop it, O deflator, O,
no cryin in debased balls.

Alladin addn M'Alediction saltshare, paid well deserter,
genie sisters invoice greennys, soul sellers longtail birthscry
script, everlasting expanse of sleepless nightmare faerie impact
spoekmusick, "How Capturd Terdcoppr Frostpeckt Dgjinn
Survivf dja Vyrmy Worms,"

looming lost at the raocooncamp,

verdant grundstplayers, continental contenders who
need the music of the worse so constructed thru as multiverst,
the [_____].

"But how many terds was left in here?" the pithy hatter
asked, placed colors plated & hardbinders blanksheet zine leafs
leapt forth out folders, notebooked indeces, lingoo,
contractions, pseudomnisiciently distributed,

HOLY WATER STAINT PAGES,

shocked,

Playland doorways to A'dawn hour of Q'ixanyhood,
the SHOCK—the self—in my mind,
being there, real, learned in times
meditation bridges

somehow still abandoned,

murdered all again, choptat Westerfield Westoffal,
dumptin Hobo Hollowan wit Astyanna's ghosts in the park on
the road at the gate with the rock & sigil offerings blown,

Orb images rushed about,
blount all the conservatory windows,
busted blackeyed for years,

windchimed orchestra of gray haunted music boxes'
insouciant singsung celestrangial dumb-bells rung,

Gramma, tic, [sic], Xtian Science Ouidja, "Think it, make it
real," quakes on mistakes, the weird twin who don't know you
or want to. Sure that's too bad & out of time sync with
contempraneous belief (unitility),

who began much also to reveal the unset handform (hue
man form, homoform, Sap-Forms) in particular,
for its for us for our as

DARN COYOTE

So always, "Welcome To The Persistory."

Note: get a cowboy sidekick

Cowboy: "Wonder if they'll read my own words back at
me before they hang me,"

Un Quixoti: "Yes, Boss. Whatever you say."

Laid man at the end of the century of the cemetery of our
years, layn men, been a long time since I felt so penny wise
dead phone Funken Wagnallt,

"Loik an animal,"

a read write axis, sawney bean of the internet,

"Just protecting my inputs, isall," dox,

Dr.X., Joany Throw-knee, Joan I, Throne I, touched by
Satan's fly, witch Charybids charred bodies bid us, & Scylla still I,
soft rush hot gush, nuke gast:

"Don't waste blood,"

"OK Drakkala,"

A stunning blow. Swiftly Tell Us Who They Are, Famous

Maniacs. I Want To Eat More Frothy Frotteur. Versatile Screens
Rock N Roll Saxophone Jazz for Monstars. Red Rocket
Wraparound. Codex Gigas 49. War Crimes, Sex Crimes, Slave
Systems, & Genocides. Economic Malfeasance & Starvation.

*Pogroms, camps, mass graves, nuke bombs & terminators,
police states, megalomaniacal sociopsychopaths, remote killers,
secret informers, sadomasochistic bureaucrats, the solitarily
confined & tortured infectious bunkered,*

Desperate seething hate mutating the atmosphere,
terraforming sulfuric tempestuous extinction, railroad hobo
shantytown pioneer-do-well, inherit our industrial slave
destitution, stony tedium machines, & faithful multiverse hero
of the towering pissing epiphany, the counting houses, the
dross conformity,

Trapdoored monopolibrised funhouse.

Antisolationist novelsties, impoverished cannibal
flesheaters, genocidal freedom circus, caste color spectrum,
forks inclusive,

Feasting birds, humiliated in the city.

Stoned navigator mapping chaos, necromancy, & bumry;
confetior responsibility circumscribed, televangelical, marginally
medicated,

subtitled, "Fair Friar Liar,"

True Inquisitor of the Books,

Catsass kisser, voodoo shame stool pitter, anticivil
warrior freakshow on the turrets. Waves of slow acting poison.
Puckered anus. Sardonic tales from the treasure crypt, the
office of the dead. Eve, the King's taster: "Light a burning bush.
light the mummies. Stage an aping dream script,"

"Night of the marginalia puppetmaster," No?

Howsabout, "Grandma solving mysteries,"

"Ishi sealed in a plastic bag,"

Grimoire king dies laughing by clown torture,
desperate lauders & looters palimpsestorial, draculgyre
codex confuxius reads blissoirvanic faith in marginaliaoso. Other
Inquisitions, preterite ruses, & axis raison de incapacitating
memory, dynamite wolfmen of munstering occupypres, droning
theatre of murder re-enactors,
abramix holocaustal borgives,

forges drunkbum rosyncrossings,
knife fighters
blading around the frozen pond with a stick.

UGOLINO PIZZA

Castle Of The

annotated evidence agents, the epissers' epistles.
Disabused of fair play, no place for crippled fooling, granted.
We'll inventorturn slowth selfsparking startagain!

Morethan oncemore into the constraintly rolling fourscore
novelly perpet, lunch more into the beef, last bath!

Typset temptest clear wind whispers low. Nanda Devi
buried in real books. The crowded mansion. Scars & scabs.

"Hate can't save you,"

Making a case for true love, not the witchfinder general.
Which seems you're unfamiliar, more dead, murdered. Urban
ghettoization's gardens. All & nonesuch that remains.

The well becomes a sewer mine a mixing bowl,

Bowel diet of the wyrms archae.

Gold spun bully dome gold piece traveller forrest map
comet sign grave yard. DARKNESS. In the grove. Conservatory.
Abiders. Beach house chevrons. Event chains alive.

"We're doing something different. You're talking, I'm
talking, but we aren't thinking about the same things. We seem
to be having very different experiences of this same moment."

"Anato mo chikai masuka?"

The heat of old summers. Humid.

"I can see you been in this heat a long time, proportionally
speaking,"

The well in the holler.

"You think you can just dump this into me and it don't
affect my orbit? I didn't even send you a bill."

Unsilent. Beatings, hazings, tenure. Paid too. Immovable
feast of the famished. Whirlweb. Whirlweave. Shared angles.
Decolony diffusion. Dummy don't need: *They Lived* Homers
Tele-Visions. Perpetual motion of addictive energies demanding
freewill. Drunk out of bed crooner's particular inconsequential
preoccupation of the mind, the loveliest common demon
enabler, familiar abuse rackets,

Marvelous marginalist, Magic Marv's Real Isms, free-sky enslaved. True artifact of the Before, pre-Prophetic of the After. Twaint cause be, sovereignty.

LUNA LEGIT LIBRUM

"I likes a good fat book ta writes me scribbles in," mooney on my minds, killer crops of wealth concentration, mass consciousness liars met meat modeler role learners, *Them Lived*, inter fearing, signal used TVs end, **An Industrious Prison**, buried standing stoned, bank war mega-mono trading cards. Mistook cowardliness for a dare.

Ghost mannequins frozen, hoping, "Pick someone else." Insanity cursed corridor. Yardpee-er. Run arground inna bay for initial shelter. Street graves. Sweet hammy.

"You so fuzzy, do you want a petting? Wish I had a treat for you, but you proly got all kinda diseases, never had a bath in your life, spend all yr time in the garbage, but you so fuzzy, I bet you need a petting,"

Big sirs confronted by barkers mirrors, all colors. Pancakes. Thousands of maniacs' entropian ignorance missed chances. Mobs & dogs. Highly overlooked. Sandwich bored. Nasturtium grows over the drunken corpse. Dutch winds. Freight car depots' hidden darksides await. Inventiriors. Ungovernable complaints. Oil lister. Unmourned. Innundations by waternotes. Bells. Broken broken broken, one day this will be all of you: underwater trashbones gyrating towards the pool.

Slow risers, learners children, love this peaceful place. our farsoughts, queens. Praise & thank you each one at a time.

Stashed. Pencil dirk. Desperate pleas unheard. Villainous, predatory. Blame- & fear- filled statements, too. Good for you selfish unknowers, you shuffle deckers who were never children.

Pincushion dolls can't miss. Patrone speedboats lark in titanic pittance. Cater'd cratermass. Very two-thinks. Brought they sought to witness their end, couldn't buy it off, knew bestwise to flee, now. Stone wheel crank driven sharp sparkening executioners blade clouds alight flights of fuck faced grin grunts. New hope drought year's ground-scraper sacks tented revived. *No sleepin on the job / toilet / grave.*

"You readin this?" "No, I'm the Paper Boy, I brought that for you, to sharely!" Reach 4 the The Retch Fetch. Bunkership that can't be seen, maze in spacetime, labyia rinsth, brainwrecked steam'd the light, why, what is that light--

YES TOTAL WASTE put me in a small cage & watch me die. Torture me to death. All war is simply removal of excess life (cancer) adorn'd of Salon Salo Sodom (if you can't help, stay away). Please try harder soon if you wish to make amends. Another few of the last.

Queensbully. Yes, I know, you been dying ever since u 1st get fat & been fatter in all ways, including Polish condemnations ("I probably hate you").

"Messenger bird," yr passenger pigeon, the red bold form's extracts: excommunication alms, every self believer, faithful xscriber, hailed cross blackest forests, cannonshot angelic reports,

CLOACA CLOACAL

Craven throwers of shit out cars, O say, can you C,

"Nice hat,"

Sayn Joes netpict pioneer bullied listeners' chant,

"Me, me, me, me, me."

@ Clobber Deep of the The City of Banana Cruz.

The clod in the cloak at the clock in the clocher. Marked all on the face, can't breath, can't see, can't eat, given redneck beatdowns till in turn imbalanced, brokenose, brokehanded. Cast a spell on that giant cafeteria sheet pizza so she'd die on the toilet for em to find her: it's not just the oil they struck there, it's the evil. BOOM! Crosscreek meadowshelter. Seen unadulterated, felta fresh-air on my wet eyeballs. Spelled it out.

Long lists of good reasons & language as perceived by learners. Transgressive horrors of the airport screamers, Silent lights & the glow of the growing village become metropol, conurbative multi-verse. "It's OK, if you do enough of the work. It'll never be like it used to be. Today is not like yesterday."

The ration of life in our body of earth. Instinctual comprehension. Mediation is one aspect of praying.

[All the accursed hyperneologisms in italics.]

“No I’ll kill YOU from within,” genus of prayer.
The individual strong force offers to the weak our
specific vivid thank-god experienced report,
back from earth to the angels fjord where
we have already colonized time in the fog.

The TV pyre’s magnetic smell of cassette tape flyin back 2
the eternal returnal. Rule revealing. Steadfastness of
forgiveness. New chance redeemer. Non-light element bunker.

Please, yes, put those rays in my eyes, lazer beam right in
front of my perception from a billion years deepwise, ghostly
meteorships,

Homocontinuumability of scale, up & down, Lost & Found,
the travelling vault, The Ruth Forth Mom-Ent, um, of Astyanna
& Hecuba of the Merry Kates Sorority, girls, quickly gathered
ruin, too late the right way till goodtimes gone grave: once
removed, in secret, what’s only inside you, which finally
remains. These dead who outnumber all living.

The living you’re the portal,
what’s more is yours the you in us.

(very unsettling), the sudden appearance of these ghostly
tenant tenets is, quuite, with their so many pre-post vectors
[euereekers (Eureekerseekers)], eur-reapers en periodpiece,
all of which monumentally expediates yr expanse of change
puts you on a path you’ll never be off.

Even approaching infinite horizons,
we find it can’t be lost, our field, yr tender tension
gains’ed these pureblown winds,

Grand View Bike Cell Moment of Movements.

Find em lookin & lookin, cant see em right in front of
their eyes. Colliders, seekers, observers, wide right open right
there to all these simpler pleasures in a labyrinth of mirrors
inside the tower at the crossroad temple, tempest of unknown
relation to time, energy & oxygen factors. Dark & sparked with
fire,

____ or _____, the local fuel constant’s latest simulations of
the impact to the second:

Not backfilled entirely by hand let’s say.

Dust debris fallout,
airwave broadcasted's transmitterless far-beyonds.

Mine's not the hour to know. Down here in the mine.
Black holes & rockettwrs, X-roads & Raysfields, collective
to singularity, pity yr depravity. Lost my story & won't catch up.

Dog: "Hey man do you smell that what's that omg." Other
Dog: "it's a buffalo, dummy." Dog: "Oh man I want to bite that
Arf Arf Arf lets bite it Hey everybody Hey bark bark." Other Dog:
[shakes head].

When you're so impoverished, on the run, hunted, trying
to survive & keep others alive at the same time, eventually you
can get to a point of terror where there are too many factors in
play & there becomes an erring on the side of caution against
the inevitable collapse of the center upon itself, & in trying to
hold that force off, weak vs. strong, there's,

"Think about high pressure system air, it's big, it's
expanding, pushing stuff around, blocking stuff. But then think
on them low pressure systems, they're dense, they're
collapsing, shit's swirling down into em, they're on the way to
bein a black hole loose upon the earth I tell you. Somebody's
got to stop these hurricanes from becoming too strong &
forming black holes,"

The dragon who ate Adam & Eve. Moby Dick in the void.
Superliminal radicallambent cloudstream earthanchor sun,
perplexed, roof in the sky, perfect, stormy, the flood the
tsunami the tempest, the gyre the maelstroem, typhoon twister
ferno 'urricane,

I want to emphasize that

IT WAS A DARK & STORMY NIGHT.

Manuscripts in their scarcity & illuminatedness, early
variety of arcane & essentially disappeared fashion broadly
collected as Academic Arts & Human Civilization, deep folios of
sheet music, lyrics. Regulation of interconnectivity, epic
battleground yours & mine. Desperation wages alight in upper
atmosphere.

Couldn't find a way to speak those unsaid, unknown
words, tardy relations' lack of all conversations, "Help. I thought
I called for help. I thought I said, 'Help!' I'm not waving, I'm
drowning!"

Void met, a sole singing massive mass of meat, "You don't know what love is," "I don't know what love is," "We don't know what love is," circling the drain in some kind of direction. Taking my leaves. Naming names, all comers. My presence, any thing.

The lie buried. Vile mothfacing patronage, dischord letters, dissonance, think me so & arson burn our feel-more best free library to ghosts,

may with interest Data mined condolences comfort you,
full time care giver, Dead broke, indebted rental sands,
hopeless loss & unreality,
trapped across painted pane-brains to brane heights,
fears, arches, excursions, exclusions, fallen density.

Consciousness,

Hey Playland Spookhouse hounddog, wanna petting?

Every see anyone famous?

[inverted delta & the

Hoo Hoo Stufft Me-Yow dialogs]

To exist is to exit. Just tryin to keep it positive against every ignorant opinion loudmouth knowitall nonuttin on blast. Given up on evil. Antiexposure shielding.

Liars blame rage pained cartoons of the rount,
disappeared, ghostified, deported, disported, disposed's,
willful refusal of rationality, communication & understanding,
public ignorer, private recorder,
just have to be quiet, not respond instamediately in time sunk,
as I am not yet competently capable to transcend every evil ignorance, trauma, despair, fatigue, [etc rationales] (I claim no authority but that of a human being) & in response so provoked by similar pain into self-preservative reaction,
still purely behavioral silence haunted stenographies of murder planners, of deleterious precedentifiers,
every small mal hung onto the infinite, making it worse,
faith fated adrift, brothers & sisters thus through the ages, aeons, aether, some in moments now manifest together.
That nasty old bingo board of life, calling again,

The unprecedented, unapologetic drought momentarily broke in damp fog mist drizzle this week but there was finally a

true downpour this morning. When I arrived to pray at the statue, it was still mostly dark & I found the kneeler & saint's vestibule soaking wet. Helped with the lights & confirmed my investigation that the roof was leaking, before seeking a bucket. I'd brought a small towel thinking I would need it for my glasses (I hadn't) & so mopped up, moving some vased plants directly under the biggest leak,

Demonstrating an audastic inefficiency in joys of perseverance,
accents you ate, burbling heavy innards,
If you experience any increase in weird boners,
you know the medication is working,
Have another spoonful.

M Confetiors,

PLEASE HOLD ON.

PLEASE HANG ON.

Can't afford to squander a single good idea. We lookin around an peekin. We peepin all over. I'm seein on you right there.

Oh quiet night. Friday night. The Fourth of July. Nobody about. Secret gunpowder thuds in odd directions.

Well let me tell youawl suttin. Youawl can suck mah dick. Fillmore Butts. Mayne only thing drinking ever solved was if you need to party bro! WOO! You tell em, weirdo: exposure: The Long Tail: Exposing Yourself With Creativity: Expose Yourself With

MORDANT racoon the size of a small bear. Firecrackers. Booms. Kitty in the window. Garden haunter clowns it in ghastly fashion, flittering up the sidewalk, driveway, through the trees. The Late Night All Night Peeper Holding His Nuts In The Noir Shadow. Nothing is dark enough to hide this penestrating boner. No shadow deep, no damponed narrow alley, tight fit of talltown backways. All is penetrated. All is penetrated, rigidly. Meow meow meow that cat is meowing I hear it thumping around off the couch out the window here & there meow meow meow.

A lookback of awfulhonest reassessment of

misadventured ignorant day-to-day desperate you-too youth-
your gay-bands at the gay-bars. Resistance hellpoints, reality
shown ghosthouse deplorablebilitations' timemachine to summers
of:

The mouse & the roach, the dummy & the waitress, barista
Inspecta L'Mennoppee. Likes to imagine im wearin little pants,
nice apartment in the walls (Rat Town subdivision), cat friend in
the alley, God help us all some lady in here screaming with her
baby, "O duh mouses, uh-Juh! Uh-Juh!"

[No response.] Turns, then:

"Even the stupid shit costs money now,"

"Doodilyall doo my own shitty movie pizza party
weekend, Get the chips & the pop, we'll have some LP breaks
too, [note: fix Sony PS-LX250H pitch screw], good & dirty
private jokes,"

Pre/post wagenslaved empire motivations demonstrated,
fightsongs marching to higher & higher pitches, prayers, oaths,
allegiances, swears— please permit me not to burden our
missiv, quit, quit it, why do you keep on telling me over & over
[your sins]? OK OK you're forgiven to the extent that I can do
so, what more do you want. Too classy?

The murder of the flappy duchess of Our Lady's last carol
& the lost d'jumbo beachwalkers' unprotectable disintegrations
at the last live-animal live-work spaces.

Chaos chained of DNA, the bruvnas paxlunar-in-law blood
relations' impoverished tombspirited war marriage cousins cant
help each other, all, surely not all on earth yule agree, so none
of you neither! None of you either! None of you none of you!

Drug criminal turncoats Pushing Mama Down The Stairs,
has the screaming stopped? Well. Scream until you're down
done with it & live 2 see the dawn sui-generis mise-en-scenes,

"Meesa do the pigleece in voices too," this that & the
other dangerously unstudied psychobioactive pharmaceutical
agents ["Myriasian crackinental soupweb isle lands"], each host
to a litany of individually uniqely unpredictable consequences at
the subatomic level," (non-academic un-paid spokes-hue-man
[w/indecipherable rapidity]).

The winnowing videodeaddromedarys widowed blackness
burbldsmoking acid bubbles popped. Cosmic Iliad invasion

raisons. UFO treats & re/treats.

"Is that how Japanese women scream?"

"Well it's not how an American woman screams. Which, you are,"

"No, I'm Japanese-American. American-born Japanese,"

"More like California-American. California-born American,"

"OK California-Japanese."

&ct. Form-ulae.

Geezer geyser, sun composed. The Countenance Kid.
Hiawatha Tunguska Taurid Encke. Remorseless abject cruelty.
Every war explosion fallout fragments bulleted shrapnel sharper
than echo

If we can just get thru this explosive awfulness. We'll
deserve a little peace. We can have a little peace on earth.

"Some of these MFers so busted, even if they try to be
quiet and not say anything, there's a similar radical, a distinctive
distraction, say, bodily shaking, twitches,"

"Oh yeah? I'll do it for you, then,"

"I don't want to know you that way. You can try
something else if you're really up to it. Go ahead."

The Lens rotating magnificat. Magnificent Lens. Sheer
lensing horizon magnifier.

"DON'T. Stop, quiet, don't ask. Don't say. Just go on.
Whatever, So what."

"It won't help. You can't help, you'll only make it worse,
any thing you do,"

Naught but heir to death & despair.

Not only "not hearing you," actively ignoring you, blackout
headphones, studio baffling, various practiced mental
barricades.

For the sake of our lonely sad poor piteous children!
Miracle they cannot.

What's our culpable carrying capacity for plainlife. (Grim).
Do you get a cool fascist patch for shooting poor kids & their
moms? The loudest unkindness of ravens & murder of crows I
ever saw, right outside on the line, long talking, "I do not know
how you can undo your damage in my esteem," only time can

tell that, I could offer ideas, but. Only by your active
prospection.

Try to get it where it's only you, if I think & believe U can
take it, what's looming here in me. I want to make
fundamentally sure there's no one left, categorically, who could
fall into my lean well, where it's, "I don't care if it hurts you," or,
worse, "I DO," hope this hurts you, more than it hurts me,
diggitt, answer, ah nay, visibly, "HERES," said the YEARS,
signatorials legion, proved worthy well,

Recompensed flowers, new indivisibles— bodies guarded,
"Pillman say," alone in this pretense, stratocasted, telecast,
Quenched, entrenched, darnstream, our dourage.

Still, you, still young,

Dongle B. Hardlysoft

The monotony of the money of things. Seeking co-heard
coherence, granular grammar, spatiality specialities to span the
spin. The indexicality of an ergodic ecclesiastic collect. One
space in many times.

"Gotta get that VA bus," (does not state veteran status).

Beyond where we can see, at the other side of p

Away from where s in p can ever be

Except according to...

"Pardon me while I take off my glasses,"

Deaf folks be like, "Shut the fuck up." Ongoing Traumatic
Stress Disorder. Continuous Traumatic Stress Disorder.

The Night Busker sits by the sewer bein sore quiet loud &
books is 4 sale, too, next to the tip hat. The window busker of
free concert nicadays, "That was beautiful," [claps] [hoots]
passionette passersbys' stunned turns, unforeseen moments,
sudden beauty, rare witless,

While Supp Lie I's Last. Beyond my own self, stages
coachmen, the nuke in the clouds. Written on spaces mice fear
to breathe,

Fostering missing capital time, moneyboss, hill to park & sea.

Not worth the trouble of forensic intent. Mutual waste.

Sustainable Memory Got Your Back.

"I'm sure if any of your mouth holes

ever made a noise worth listening to,

I'd hear it,"

CATALPTAIN MEERO

Ashtree catalpan, mostly alive underground, en mass,
require of light the blue electromagnet in cyclic occasion, I'm
talkin bout lightning riders, son, atmosbiomegaia. There's only
one tree left on this island, blown here alive, look— it's almost
dead! Clearly been lit before. Hit it again!

Alone as the new king in love or fear, black hole head
Leonids void mind singularity. About to become much harder to
talk to. Make your pieces already. Have to speak even more
plainly now, less time for fun, sorry about this truth given your
condition, but how did you ever expect peace? Was that purely
based on your hoarded secrets of evil bloodlined relation
forebearers etc ad naseum?

[Plants demonstration of life death boundary].

**Out in the sticks
that stick in my throat
stuck in the sticks
beat dead by our sticks,
choked dead on your stick,**

Don't need no special lazer light,
todays crepuscular measure's fine.
Footfalls in the silent dark, nothing to say.

*Amends. Talking at me like I do know
or in amenable agreements,
Why its presumptuous entire!*

Just went there.

Acts of quit waitn, moved up along n said so thus,
our attention nawr attuned,
we is that, what you are for?
Leaves, leafed, death, yes, assured,
what of your love?

Every time I look, I'm overwhelmed. Depressing!

Implied specifically to regard my oral adaptions thereof.

"But I guess that's not me,"

& why'd I took your wildest joie de vivre that day
& cautioned so. Have you heard about?

Have you ever? Poor kids, pityem, but that's the tragedy,
that they must fend off them self so quicken.

Urging childhoods. The continuous in all good
evolves, learns, lives, reads backwards, up,
down, right to left, left to right, alloever,
this huge pile of words to be arranged,
some by letter, to hold visions inside
as your eyes cross-focus & catarontrast
the pure visual COULD HAVE, "Well it's OK
since I'm still alive dyin tryin, at least,
is that not admirable?

good by you?

For me?"

"The horn blows at midnight,"
along the misting RVR TWR.

The Rattling Bell, Little Girls Grandmas Crucifix.

Spiritheads on the Horizon,
bone rooted beer puddles,

un-bridged prospector, confess, bene. Troll hole mined
grave channels, blood fillt to ferment your spirits, in this whale
cave quake wake. Waves burst all the pipes. Power dial down,
fully. Rabble I with respects. "& you had to hear it in there. In
your Mother. In the elevator," @ the Dr. [...]. No breaktime for
death.

Called by names given to right correct appropriate designation.

Thanks, Dickens, & more's the wanderer,

SOLID LIGHT

Nuttycorn *p*-fixes in skullcapcup comet spiritus ages of
peace, greek haircuts (Herod's hedge), crypt currency,

brazenbull flutelunge, tulip exodus, silver tavern patriot
attrition turnout debt, roundhouse reunion, all the standard
worst, babylaw sands enmaze 2 towertop **DAWN OF THE**
bulletbrained, I'll wager, "Is that ____?"

"A fair rose," to falling mules was only a fleeting sign,
a symbol of light fast fading without.

Vomitus demonics laws of murder.

Blood lotus. Fixed bayo trench corpse.

Cliffhome flown to ghost city walls.

Blabberkid incorpus torsoed soft story poor old sick
workers children, religious. A musical recipe that can't buy love
or peace. **The Video Dromedary.**

CALENDAR RITE

Guyasuta God Rock Paper Boy

Barques Be Wanderin

Pusillanimous anathema maranatha, anatomy anesthesia,
removed from the body.

Spirit-burnished, pressed exactly right, spines & false
covers, pinnace pinnance pittance, emergent timetravelling
messages, seismic excommunication of all patterns traversed.
Gratitude advantage in sensitive usage.

Cassette tapes, a hypnotic handful, over & over, play it
again right now. It's a tape in a box. Tape player's called a box.
When the tape is not in the box you store it in a little coffin-like
case. A lot of time they make you listen to the whole tape,
nobody tryin to fuck around fast forward rewinding all that,
ain't nobody got time for that, it better be good right here is
what we're lookin for.

"Listen kid they will fuck you if you let them. You gotta
stick & roll. You gotta cut them balls,"

*Don't touch my stuff, don't touch our stuff, give me all
your money, this is not enough money, you are useless because
you don't have enough money, I hate you, you are a maniac.*

All of these space movies, fleeing earth, yearning to forget
our selfmade problems, prepping us for the inevitable fastrack
to marslike wasteland that will require anyone left alive here to
wear a moonsuit to stay that way,

It's OK to suffer on earth in order to achieve any human
happiness, insofar as this time is so short, alive, & you will have
the infinite to remember,

I am so lost, been wandering so long. I need help so bad, &
I keep asking for mercy, & there's none.

It is what it is. I'm fine. It's fine. How are you. Glad to hear
it. Really great. Take care. Have a great weekend. Love you.

Came into the war media res
refugee

never OK anywhere, always wrong, outside, targeted, marked plain on the face, bully's eye, half going on full blind, barely able to hear or breath, allergic to everything, often choking to death, rottentoothed, tumour ridden, bile squirting, undigestable hemorrhaging twisted crowded hammered used abused abandoned,

Forced migration again, and again. Slow sad understanding, grim realization, pain in the bones, a blackness of falling into & down, strongly, into unseen waves, under the invisible deep,

lost
among the rubble, awaiting bulldoze, too many years on hope.

Too many years on nothing

but faith. An incontrovertable accumulation of crushing: disappointments, depressions, agonies, sufferings, humiliations, abuses, hardships, grimness. Lean lame lonely leper left alas at last along a long lamentation. Try to stay on the trail is when you lose it. Next thing you're at the end of the world & it's nigh upon yr head, looking for any sign, searching the skies for any tiny light in the dark, the washed out dark, which way to run, every turn another wrong end, no thoroughfare. Came a long way to learn. Dyin tryin. This is what I can offer. I put my hand up, out, so many times in the dark, no one there. Grasping for air, gasp & not there. Fell there in line of tumbling corpses surplus to all utility of slavers. Rundown, runover, used less or useless. Good for no thing & no place in this world.

Was supposed to be some kind of regular plan or social construct or deal: imaginary. It was all in my own head, it was not a real thing, except as a scheme I was lured into.

There's no future. I'm from the past.

What's happening now is they are trying to be rid of. & there's not so easy a way to do it at these scales. Less less less. Resources. More demands.

Trying to find the trail out of here before the murderers reach our door. I hear the killing right outside in the street.

BULLYBOY.

Worth? Have I not. Am I. [extreme silence] Well then. Part time, what's that. It's these slave masters working you just as hard twice as fast for half as much. No such fucking thing as

part time!

How'd I get to this point where I have no one to talk to, no one to turn to, & I'm so afraid & so alone & so hopeless? Is this what life is, this horror, worse & worse?

I'm not exactly sure what happened but he was in jail & now, impoverished & crazy. I am trying to be nice & even got on the phone a couple times from half the world away trying to be a friend. I thought I talked him down a little. But then I keep getting crazy emails. He was emailing a large list & people were responding to all. I just started ignoring/deleting. I keep getting dozens of crazy emails every day. Now they're just to me, no cc's. I don't read them, just delete them. For a while I figured fine, he needs to be crazy on my email, fine, whatever. Delete, no big deal. I have my own problems, I can't save everyone. Delete. Now recently I'm still getting emails & they're crazier than ever. I just see the subject lines & they are so crazy that I am now officially concerned, like, not even so much he might kill himself, because I can't do nothing about it for crying out loud, but what if some terrible thing goes down & the damned news turns up at my door. I keep thinking, well shit, don't the fucking CIA read all our emails anyway? Aint that enough? I really don't know what to do. I don't want to get into trying to help out any more, I can't help, & if I email him saying he got to stop or I will put the law on him, that ain't going to help, I'm sure plenty of other people emailed him that already,

Thank you for your patience, care, & love, I know I can never thank you enough. I'm trying so hard to get any work any way, I know you know, & being rejected over & over & over but I'm still trying, thank you for your help, I know I would be nothing long ago without you, I am really despondent at this point but I am trying to control that & keep trying. It's really hard for me to acknowledge or accept that I'm as useless as I apparently am to the world now that I'm for some reason no longer good enough for a normal career job like I ever had, or even for an entry level minimum wage thing, I'm trying to not give up. The world is a far worse place today than decades ago when it took me years to find a new job, I know they say otherwise, I know, ostensibly,

the here & theres, but my experience in endless chase belies that, & I've seen everyone I knew die or disappear, so, I don't have an answer, I'm trying to figure it out before my life is totally flushed, & I'm sorry to email this to you & I'm sorry if I somehow messed up your thing, I'm trying as hard as I can, I don't know what more to do besides just keep trying as hard as I can, I feel so bad about myself, like, I cannot explain to you, I am not trying to explain any thing to you ??

Same old story in the end, tried as hard as I could, wasn't good enough, let everybody down, couldn't provide, they came for us, took us like trash, won't worry any more about being hungry, no food, sick, no doctor,

Everything I do I fell into. Learning on the job. The entire time. Soon as I figure it out, it's over, can't be helped. When it's finished, there will be plenty of time to scatter the afterglow. Sowing oats, harvesting souls, live or die together. Last drop taken. Endeavor to insure your genes, dramatically, pole reversal substantial as Earth's. Arrived with mere hope & faith, & expended every production in service of survival, remaining ever so. Mouthpiece era of pervasive, quiet Kristallnachts across the United Stasi, evicted crazed hoards of the starving, jobless, heavily armed, once-middle class like so much radioactive waste, without foresight or regard for God or man.
The remonstrated figure was a pathetic thing to behold.

Try to look at the big picture, I love you, be good to one another,

Leafy Weeds @ Last

Posthumous posthaste. Give us this day our fate today, hallow be thy game. "Unsayable Sums," insane spells muttered over trivia's crazed bad words, safe lost places, Your Deep Kneeler's Apostrophe To Your Far Sojourn,

MEMORY THRILLS

A history of smells. Saw the premier at the mall on a Friday night. Prior to that I used to have to try to trick my parents out of making me go to kids bowling

[Hoshuko. To Church. Anywhere.]

on Saturday mornings so I could stay home
& watch Rock N Roll TV, lookin for a buck wile story to
knock off all your pants. Got to be most satisfying, not make
you feel unjustified. With lots of vengeance & divine retributions
for all the troubles of the world. First things first though, I got to
not be afraid of all the evil brain pickers out ta git me from
every corner & gutter! Nobody going to judge *this* brain wave!
This is for vile entertainments, money-making, & sweets.
Snugglers choice. We look for the resurrection of the dead.
Protext us from all angst dyin tree. Booby-trapped secret
passageways. The multiverse. The endlessly expanding world
around us. Everyone who ever was remains here still & there's
just more & always more. The world changed when the
multiverse opened. All these worlds to conquer. Take your
picks.

Had an angry walk around the graveyard, fruitlessly
searching for elusive headstones, stalking mad. Takes brains.
Stumbled across that guy, from up the street, my age, died
lifting weights all alone by himself, nobody to save him with his
neck crushed by the bar. Another guy, who'd once OD'd after
buying from her Dad. They were there with the guy & left
before he went out. Or maybe after, who knows? Whereas he
found him & did CPR, called 911, & got tied up in criminal court
for years over it when the junkie survived & testified against
him in a plea deal over the drugs in her house, & now he's dead
here anyway some other way who fuckin knows how, had
better luck the next time probably.

Don't look where you think it might be, look where you think
it should be, maybe you'll find it,
ultimately had to be more & more careful,
reliant upon fear & intrigue,

Echoes tailing laughter. Ghost myths. a grocery store. can't
connect on the phone, reception's no good. Assumptions. In the
fan's wind. Awake at daybreak in an instant, cast out, vivid
dream's end. Inside the store is opened up, holds court to a
show. I don't mean to interrupt, so I look at the art on the walls,
strangely geometric. At my side: embraces me. I start to cry:
hugs me. Hear the unmistakable melodious timbred voice, no
words. Immediately awakened. Calls to mind a poem we used

to recite in good humor. No middling crisis can eclipse pain magnified by profundity of loss. Each in turn recalls it anew: *couldn't connect*. Tried to call, thought about it, last chance, but didn't. Instead, went to bed, not in good shape. *Warm sound of tailing laughter*. A moment of incomprehensible consolation.

GOSPEL ACCORDING TO

Greetings and love. Hope we'll be able to visit before much longer. It's been tough to know you are sick, but not to be able to get back there to see you, especially since we're all gettin old. Workin hard every day & night. & pray for you & pray for us, & God willing, We'll see you again, darlings, take care of each other. Snuggler's Choice, dear, oh my darling. We love you so much. Already so big. So clever & sweet & pretty. Joy of our lives. Soon you will be old already. Seems like only yesterday. We've been so lucky. Time goes by so fast. Cherish every moment. This family we made! All of our lives here together. Itadakimasu! We should be so happy for this moment! Take comfort in sacrifice, we'll be together again, always & forever in love & life, beside us, we will persevere, endure, gladly, any torment, happily, already. So sleep sweet dreams always, loved & watched over. One day you will know this, & more. For now, keep your heart light,

ASABO inside or out, share your toys. Crayons on paper at table, arranging stickers, reading books, dolls in a dollhouse. Love to go to the playground & run around. Pat sister's head, nade nade, nice kisses, chu chu, say she is kawai & cute. Talk on a toy phone when you have something important to say, though uncertain to speak more directly. Sing songs, a dance routine, drums & horns & bubbles. Snuggle bear nap time. Warm water bath. Food. Use the potty & help get dressed. We are so lucky. Watch & learn. We love you so much. Won't you always give us a snuggle & hug. O darling.

We mark your height on the wall again.

You are so big. We love you. You'll start school, & I'll start my new job. I'm sorry you caught my cold! Let's drink our juice &

*rest before we work. You are such a great kid. I love you. No one
ever knows what will happen next. But always know I love you.
Your mom & dad love you. You are getting so big already &
playing together! Oh how I love you. My special sweethearts. I
love you so. & Mama too. You are so pretty. Such pretty girls.
Like your Mama*

The Well in The Font in The Forever Channel

AT LONG LAST
WAVES FIRST, BECOMING SOLID, THEN GONE
ASTYANNA'S PROPHECY
THE PLAGUE SHIPS DREAM
LETTING GO / OF JOANIE ANGEL
LUNAMOTH WAKE
RETURNS ON BOOGEYWORLD
ANOTHER ENCOUNTER
THE EARTH & EVERYTHING ON IT
CONCURRENT EMERGENT EXTINCTION EVENT
EXTERIOR — STONE AGE CALIFORNIA
THE LAPIS LAZULI NECRONOMICON
OLDEN GRAN PAPPY
THE CHILDREN WHO ARE MISSING ARE ALL DOWN THE WELL
A MYSTERIOUS UNRAVELLING
WAMPYROSIA
MONSTRO LA MONSTORE
BRIDES OF MONSTRACULES
THE OMEN
A NICE RECIPE
EUGENICEDES
THE PRIVY LEDGE
NIGHT OF THE LOVING BIRD
THE FOG TOO
GOING AT YOU WITH A HATCHET AND A HACKSAW
A MOVIE I THINK I SAW

BUNK MOANY UP ALL NIGHT
BUNK MOANY WILDEST PLACES
BUNK MOANY WORM IN YOUR BRAINS
UNHEALTHY THOUGHTS PLEASE
SHITTING ALIEN CHURCH DEBRIS INVASION GOSPEL
BROKEN GLASS
ANNONENIMNITTY & PRESUPPOSITIONS
LAMENT SONGS
LEPER COLONIAL
THE BONDS OF PERFECTION GOAD
THE MEMORY OF WATER
UROCHS COWBELL
ONCE & FOR ALL THE BAD GUYS
ASYLUM ROUTINES OF THE CONFINEDS
DARN COYOTE
UGOLINO PIZZA
LUNA LEGIT LIBRUM
CLOACA CLOACAL
M. CONFETIORS
SOLID LIGHT
CALENDAR RITE
BARQUES BE WANDERIN
LEAFY WEEDS @ LAST
MEMORY THRILLS
GOSPEL ACCORDING TO

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Description

"Fort/h/s" (old camps etc) belong to witches and fairies and it is very dangerous to take a cut or take anything from them,"
- G.M.H. (1870)

